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SIXPENCE.
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MISS ADA REEVE AS JULIE BON-BON IN "THE GAY PARISIENNE,"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE IRVING CLUB AND "CYMBELINE."

It is a curious comment on the times that no London manager availed himself of the opportunity of mounting a Shaksperian play on the immortal's birthday, last Thursday. Stratford-on-Avon went, of course, into ecstasies, by the powerful aid of Mr. Benson, over the event. The enterprising Mr. Mulholland, of the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, secured the co-operation of Mr. Ben Greet for the week, and on Thursday gave a triple-bill matinée, in addition to the usual evening performance. But in the West-End of London it was reserved for the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club to mark the occasion, which they did admirably by the production of "Cymbeline," a production which is all the more interesting in view of the forthcoming mounting of the play by Sir Henry Irving himself. Taken as a whole, the performance was on a very high level, Miss Olive Kennett making an impressive Imogen, Mr. Ernest Meads a powerful Leonatus, Mr. D. Lewin Mannering a subtle Iachimo (the part to be sustained by Sir Henry Irving), and Mr. Caswall Smith showing a keen sense of humour as Cloten. Much of the success and prominence of the Irvingites is due to the untiring efforts and unceasing supervision of Mr. Charles Fry, the well-known elocution teacher and reciter. It was he (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) who kindly consented to give me some particulars both of the club in general and the performance of "Cymbeline" in particular.

"The club was started," he observed, in answer to a question, "about eighteen years ago, and I became connected with it some four years later. From the very first many members of the profession took a keen interest in its fortunes. The President, Sir Henry Irving, has always been most kind; our yearly meetings are held at the Lyceum Theatre, and he has invariably done all he could to help us; indeed, some of the very beautiful scenery used in our late production of 'Cymbeline' was lent by him for the occasion."

"I believe that one aim of the club is to produce dramas not generally acted on the ordinary stage?"

"Yes; I remember Sir Henry, then Mr. Irving, saying to me, 'The one *raison d'être* of the Club is to act those Shaksperian dramas which can scarcely be produced in a regular theatre.' The truth of this is proved in a splendid degree by the production of such a play as 'Cymbeline,' which has not been acted in London since the performance at the Queen's Theatre, when Henrietta Hodson was the Imogen, Ryder the Iachimo, and George Rignold the Posthumus. I myself once saw Helen Faucit act Imogen at Drury Lane, during her short revival



MISS OLIVE KENNETT AS IMOGEN.

Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

season. But, with these two exceptions, the play has only been given by the I.A.D.C.—in 1893. Miss Olive Kennett, whose fine performance has aroused so much interest on this occasion, was then, as now, our leading lady," concluded Mr. Fry.

"And what stage-version of 'Cymbeline' is adopted by the Club?"

"The 'book' is entirely prepared by me, and took a great deal of anxious thought and time. The play could not be acted without numerous 'cuts'; even as it is, the performance takes a considerable time."

"The rehearsals, and so on, must be no light matter connected with each production?"

"We began in January, rehearsing once or twice a week; and, just before the performances—for we gave two, the one on the 21st, the other on the 23rd—we worked very hard indeed. There is a modern side to the I.A.D.C., but with that I have nothing to do."

"The Club seems to take itself very seriously?"

"And it has a good right to do so," he replied cheerfully.

"A good many well-known actors and actresses first made their début under our auspices. Among others, I may mention that Miss Maud Millett, the two Miss Websters, Mr. Rawson Buckley, and Mr. Ben Webster originally appeared with the I.A.D.C. The late Henry Howe took a great interest in the Club, and also attended many of the performances. Our Vice-Presidents are Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. E. S. Willard, and Mr. Hermann Vezin. So we all feel ourselves to be very much on our mettle."

"Your performances always take place at St. George's Hall?"

"Yes, and it is a very good stage. Of course, Scenes II. and IV. in the fifth act of 'Cymbeline' are arranged as tableaux on account of the difficulty of adequately representing battle-scenes on a small stage, but, I repeat, St. George's Hall is admirably adapted to our productions."

And then Mr. Fry, who is a true enthusiast in all that concerns his art, showed me many interesting and valuable mementoes of his long and well-filled professional career. Of these perhaps the most interesting are a portrait of Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet, signed "with greeting and good wishes," and a signed photograph of Robert Browning, a souvenir of the famous performance of the "Blot on the Scutcheon," produced under the direction of Mr. Fry, with the full consent—and, indeed, assistance—of the great author himself. In connection with this incident, my host told me the not generally known fact that Browning assisted *en cachette*, hidden behind a curtain of the stage-box, at the performance. He had a nervous horror of publicity, and bound Mr. Fry to complete secrecy; and so well was the promise kept that, years later, an American friend of the poet's wrote an account of the performance, incidentally remarking how sad it was that Mr. Browning was not present, "as there was a curtained box where he could have seen everything quite unobserved."

TWO TRIAL TRIPS.

It seems a pity that "My Astral Body" was not precipitated during the rage for the occult, when it would have had no little exoteric interest. To-day Isis and the mysteries are dead, for the moment, and one is neither shocked nor greatly amused by the psychical or mechanical machinery in the farcical play that was born, and probably died, last Wednesday at the Court Theatre. For a while one was amused by the inconvenient incarnations of Mr. Coriston's *alter ego*, but when it became clear that the fun was to consist of the incarnations rather than any dramatic situation resulting from them, one refused to be amused any longer. Inexperienced dramatists, unfortunately, often confuse means and end. "My Astral Body" is an instance. It was funny to realise the disgust of Mr. Yorke Stephens' tax- and rate-owing body when it found that its spirit, of its own accord, took bodily form and acted atrociously, but one wanted a little more—one demanded some truly comic scene as result of the embroglio, and it did not come. This situation was not in the programme, and the comic episodes grew tame, as they seemed radically disconnected. Duller and less promising pieces have been presented than the work of Messrs. Hudson and Colthurst, but they must remember that only the most skilful dramatist can make an invertebrate piece successful. Probably the company would have been successful in a stronger play.

In the course of a matinée given at Ealing the other day by Mrs. Edward Saker, the first performance of an "incident" by Mr. Ian Robertson, called "The Pity Of It," was marked by a charming representation by Miss Sarah Brooke, the young actress whose rare histrionic equipment *The Sketch* has helped to blazon abroad. Miss Brooke was appearing as an imaginative young girl, who dismisses a grave, thoughtful lover only to discover—and this is "the pity of it"—that her hitherto favoured suitor is but a shallow male flirt. She played the part with uncommon delicacy and much womanly feeling.



MR. CHARLES FRY.

Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

THE FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE AT DALY'S.

Why the first night at Daly's was so unusually bright and gay is a problem still to be solved, but the fact remains that Society was there in dazzling rows, and that the show of diamonds and dresses would not have disgraced the Opera House in July. It is possible that some people knew beforehand that the Prince of Wales was expected to be present, while everybody was aware that no expense would be spared in putting on "The Geisha," and that some of the songs were coming from Japan, as well as the dresses, which were embroidered and made from Mr. Percy Anderson's designs. Prettier dresses never were seen, and the diamonds on the stage tried hard to outshine those which sparkled in the stalls and boxes. In the very front row of all sat Lord and Lady Lurgan, with a party, and Lady Lurgan was dressed in black satin, with pink roses massed together on her bodice. Lady William Nevill, who generally wears black at the theatre and a sober black aigrette, was elaborately dressed in pale-blue satin, with a big diamond sword thrust through her black hair. Lady Hartopp and her pretty sister were included in another party, and Lady Hartopp was lovely all in white, with no colour, no ornaments in her pretty hair, and only pearls round her throat. Miss Enid Wilson, the beauty of this last Drawing-Room and of the London season, was in *ingénue* white, a sort of *mousseline de soie*, with sky-blue ribbons knotted on her shoulders, and her fair hair waved and drawn into a loose knot on her neck. A tiara shone in nearly every box; but in one was the Prince of Wales, wearing a white gardenia in his button-hole, with the Prince of Sweden and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar as his guests. Miss Levy, wearing black with bows of pink ribbon and diamond stars, was in Sir Edward Lawson's box; Lady Francis Hope, wearing beautiful pearls looped up with a diamond and sapphire brooch on a high, dark velvet bodice, made brilliant with sequins, talked to several friends; Sir Augustus and Lady Harris sat together; and among the many men who met between the acts to discuss the play and the players were Lord William Nevill, Sir Charles Hartopp, Mr. Hartopp, Lord Hay of Kinfauns, and Mr. Arthur Coventry.

Herr Brehm, the well-known ornithologist, had the good fortune to accompany a wealthy patron in search of spoils in many lands from the "North Pole to the Equator." Under that title Messrs. Blackie issue an excellent translation of the "travel-pictures," which enable us to see with the explorer's keen eye the variety of life breaking the silence of Siberian forest and tundra. Thence we are carried across the immutable African desert to tropical swamps, and sweep down the rapids of the Nile. The woodcuts are admirable exponents of the text: that which depicts the tragopan (a horned pheasant of South Asia) as the amorous masher spreading his charms before the female is delightful. Much to entertain and edify is told us of the "fugitive loves" of birds, and of the migrations and marriages of mammals, including the highest of these, man himself.

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THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE ROGUE'S COMEDY," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Bailey Prothero, to use his own phrase, really had something up his sleeve. He had convinced the guests at Lady Clarabut's that he possessed the gift of reading the past, which led them illogically to assume that he could guess the future. But in the presence of them all was the rising young barrister, Mr. Lambert, who was there to put him to the test. Now it was with the aid of his wife, who, passing as Miss Jennings, the companion of Lady Clarabut, had learnt the secrets of her friends, that the charlatan had accomplished his apparent miracles. How was he, then, to deal with the young lawyer who was bitterly anxious to expose him?

"Tell me something about my past," said the advocate. Prothero smiled, for he was the father of the young man, whose hopes of marrying Lady Clarabut's daughter depended upon his discovering the secret of his parentage—depended, too, upon that secret being palatable. The clairvoyant, after going through his customary gesticulations and grimaces, staggered his interlocutor and startled the company by his revelations, which threatened to go so far that the young man stopped his mouth and led the company to believe that he was convinced of the humbug's supernatural powers.

However, Mr. Lambert was no believer, but, of course, guessed that Prothero knew the secret he was so anxious to learn. The method that he adopted to get the truth from him was not wise or quite creditable. Believing that there was something evil in the history of the man, he set to work as an amateur detective, hoping to obtain knowledge that would bring his victim to his knees, and force the truth from him. In the meantime he was offensively, snobbishly rude to the man who, whatever his faults, apparently as well as really showed a great interest in him and anxiety for his welfare. In the meantime the charlatan flourished. Not content with earning a few guineas by giving *séances* as an entertainment, he boldly employed his alleged gifts in finance, with prodigious success. For a while all his guesses came true, and he and his dupes grew rich. Unluckily for him, he did not adopt the advice of his wife, with whom he had gone through a second ceremony of marriage. Instead of recognising the fact that his luck must turn, he continued recklessly his dangerous game, and even had the daring to promote a bogus South African bank.

However, the bank went well for a time, and a house was taken in Park Lane, where Prothero, once George Jackman wanted by the police for long-firm frauds, royally entertained that section of society which hobnobs with shoddy millionaires so long as their money lasts and their entertainment is good.

Yet, though he was a light-hearted scoundrel playing the game bravely, his happiness was not unclouded. His wife, whom he loved sincerely, was troubled by prickings of conscience, and he and she, despite all their knavery, remained sufficiently human to yearn for the son whom they dare not, for his sake, acknowledge. Meanwhile, the son, in return for their love and efforts for assistance, flouted them, and secretly plotted their ruin.

Of course, the luck turned. The famous slump that marked the year 1885 caught him as well as many other rogues, and not a few honest men. He had foolishly followed his own system, backed his own tip, so, when the shares of the bank fell below zero, he found himself a ruined and discredited man, and the only course seemed to bolt with his wife's jewels and a few hundred pounds he could glean from his friends. Like the famous hero of "The Dancing Girl," he resolved to go out of the London world with a splash, and so gave a gorgeous reception.

Lambert, at last possessed of the means of forcing the hand of Prothero, came to the house and opened his attack. Bailey, with savage humour, agreed to tell him all that he wanted to know. Then the young man called in the parents of his sweetheart, in order that they might hear the truth. At first, the father intended to punish his son by speaking accurately, but the promptings of his heart and the urgings of his wife led him to abandon this idea, and he solemnly, splendidly lied, and asserted that Lambert's parents were dead, and no memory of them could ever arise to trouble him; then he and his wife bade farewell to the few guests that were in the secret, and crept down the back staircase, to fly from the house where their guests were making merry.

The new play is strong and interesting, but, unfortunately, heavily overburdened with needless scenes and scenes of needless length. Yet one feels that "The Rogue's Comedy" is an excellent piece of vigorous workmanship. That the modern Mercadet is exactly original, that there are even any fine strokes of individuality, can hardly be asserted, but one has a strong picture of a successful rogue, and one that gives Mr. Willard a splendid acting part, in which he is naturally at home. This remarkably able study of character well deserved the hearty applause. The best piece of acting after Mr. Willard's was, I think, that of Mr. Sydney Brough, who showed remarkable skill in depicting a young, merry, simple-headed aristocrat. Though somewhat lacking in distinction of manner, the Lady Clarabut of Lady Monckton was a capital bit of comedy acting. Mr. W. T. Lovell handled the rather trying part of a young barrister with great tact. Mr. Herbert Standing was very funny as Cushing, the broken-down pal of the swindler. I regret that Miss Olliffe, whose acting I admired in "Tommy Atkins," seemed too melodramatic in the mother's part, and her make-up was ill-contrived. Several of the minor parts were very well played. On the whole, "The Rogue's Comedy" is decidedly one of the plays to be seen.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

MR. W. R. WALKES'S COMEDY, AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

In "Mary Pennington, Spinster," there is no little matter for congratulation. In the first place, it shows that Mr. W. R. Walkes has a very pleasant humour, distinctly dramatic in turn, and that he has gift for indicating character. In the second, it introduced Miss Mary Jerrold, and, to use the customary phrase, I was delighted to make her acquaintance. The young lady not only has charm of person and manner, but also great comic talent. The scenes between her and Mr. Sydney Brough were really delightful, and kept the audience in hearty laughter—in laughter so hearty as to make me almost forget the soliloquies that marred the play, and the staginess of the misunderstanding on which it is based. Great praise is due to Mr. Brough for carrying out the author's ideas so brilliantly.

The pity was that Algy and Prudence had but the secondary love-story, and the first was not so good. The idea underlying "The Princess," and also "Princess Ida," has apparently been used "for all it is worth," and it was difficult to take great interest in the rise—or fall—of Mary from an extraordinary woman of intellect to an ordinary woman of sentiment. Moreover, the author was rash to make fun of his first pair of lovers by a kind of parody in the second. Yet it cannot be denied that Mary, if a trifle priggish at first, and shockingly disloyal in the stagey misunderstanding, is drawn with no little charm. The old doctor, too, who plays Chorus and special Providence, and revels in soliloquies and platitudes, has delightful touches of nature. Frankly speaking, the play is weak because it is somewhat old-fashioned in technique, and because the subject is unwisely chosen; but it convinces the critic that Mr. Walkes has the matter of a dramatist in him—one might hint that, in his present state, a collaborator who would ask brutal questions of "why and wherefore" would aid him greatly. Sooner or later, such a clever man will give our stage work of real value—work, too, somewhat broader in its judgment of human life.

Miss Kate Rorke acted beautifully, and to me it was delightful to see her again in a part that suits her charming style. Mr. Cyril Maude was at his best as the old doctor, putting a pleasant tone of humour needed to counteract the over-sweetness of the part. Miss Olga Brandon had but one good scene, which she played with much power. Mr. Fenton is certainly a valuable actor, but hurts his work by a tendency to tearfulness and affected poses.

"THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

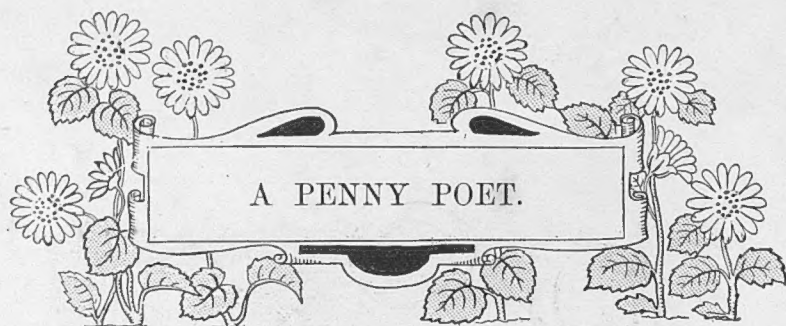
To me "The Geisha" is far pleasanter than "An Artist's Model" or "A Gaiety Girl." It is not marred by the vulgarity of its predecessors, not tainted by the variety-turn flavour that distinguished them. It is very curious to see how the outcome of musical farce has been light—very light—opera. With a touch of poetry in the book—I am not referring to Mr. Greenbank's lyrics—the new piece would be a wholly delightful entertainment. As it stands, the mounting is fascinating, the music charming, the performance brilliant, and, therefore, one may well overlook the weakness of the invertebrate plot, particularly having regard to the fact that, however thin it may be, there is a plot and an effort at distinct dramatic form.

One could wish that Miss Letty Lind were used a little earlier in the piece, and that her curious gifts as actress were shown in some fanciful contrivance when she puts on a black wig and the costume of the Japanese. What she does well deserves the hearty applause and the shouts of "Letty" that were the distinguishing feature of the calls at the fall of the curtain. One might hint that the menagerie business is getting overdone; that to have sung as a tom-tit in one piece, and now as a monkey on a stick, and a poll parrot, is rather too much of a good idea. However, her remarkable skill, which still increases, in using her tiny voice, her grace of movement, and personal charm render criticism difficult. Mr. Monckton's monkey song has a decidedly catching melody neatly treated. When Miss Marie Tempest sings everyone is delighted, and if she could but make such progress in acting as Miss Letty Lind in singing, one could delight in her altogether. However, I had intended to speak earlier of the setting, which is beautiful, which, indeed, is the one aspect in which "The Geisha" holds its own against "The Mikado," with which it seems to challenge comparison. Nothing of its kind on our stage has been prettier than the first act, with its charming scheme of tender blues in harmony with the scene in which wistaria is the motive. It reminded one of the blue ballet in the first Barrett Lyceum pantomime, if somewhat less original and daring. In charming contrast was the second act, with its hotter tones of crimson, orange, and amber, delightfully lighted up by white. One could wish that the English girls could have been left out of the pictures, in which their dresses were a jarring note, hardly atoned for by any ability they showed in acting.

Mr. Sidney Jones, who might perhaps have done more in the way of giving an Oriental flavour to his music, on the whole has done his work pleasantly, and his music has life. I should like to have heard the song which Mr. Philp did not sing, for he has a charming voice. One could easily have spared one of Mr. Coffin's songs to make room for him, though Mr. Coffin sang as well as usual. One asks vainly why a lady of such talent as Miss Nesville does not get more to do. Mr. Monkhouse was unusually subdued, and unusually amusing. Mr. Huntley Wright got one of the two encores, and deserved it.



"Are you going to send anything to the Academy this year?"
 "No; I'm going to save mine for the Exhibition of Crowded-outs."



"Gimme a yaller 'un—sharp!" he said, "an' lemme git back ter the bloomin' barrer afore the copper comes an' summonses me for lettin' me 'ands down! W'ich 'un? W'y, 'The Fi'ry Queen,' idjut! There's the brown. Adoo!"

He skipped away from the Fleet Street book-stall, picked up the stilt of his barrow with one hand, while with the other he dexterously opened his classic, and so trundled slowly along towards St. Clement's, varying his banquet of Spenser with intermittent cries of "Tuppence a pound! tuppence a pound!"

The poetic vision did not spoil his business eye. Indeed, it was quite the other way, for trade grew brisk, and placed the Elizabethan temporarily at a discount. But at every lull the reading was promptly resumed. Curiosity got the better of me, and, half involuntarily, I began to follow the student-merchant. Was it a deep game, I asked myself, or had the gentleman a pure passion for poetry? At first, the former question seemed to merit an affirmative answer. The gentle and unusual recreation attracted the passing penmen. One after another halted. That astral body, the halfpenny evening man, sacrificed a hard-earned penny for half a pound o' the best, glanced at the book, and, having thus satisfied his curiosity, went on his weary way with fallen jaw. "Well, I never!" I overheard him mutter. "The likes of 'im readin' 'Erbert Spencer's masterpiece. Wot is litteratoor a-comin' to? It's enough to maik a cove give up the perfession!"

Up went a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and the editor of a great grandmotherly morning stopped beside the wheelbarrow.

"And which part of the noble poem do you like best, my man?" he queried, with expansive benevolence.

"Well, ye see, sir, it's loike this. I ain't spelled far 'nuff along ter be in a position ter offer a dispasshinit and unprejudiced critikism, as I reads in my 'Penny Philosophers' a bloke ought allus strive after—"

"Quite right, quite right, my friend," returned the editor, as he performed a generous act and made to pass on. But the literary merchant stopped him.

"'Ere's yer fruit and vegetables, guv'nor—fifteen pun; can I send 'em? Wot address, please?"

"Not at all, not at all, my man; keep the half-crown for additions to your library." Then he turned away, murmuring something about the "great work that good man was doing for the masses," and "a leader in to-morrow's issue." Methought a tear quivered on his eyelid.

The next was a sallow-faced compositor, of evangelical aspect. He made his modest purchase, looked at the book, and turned away strangely moved. "Only to think," he sighed thankfully, "it was me as set up that ther' paige. My labours is indeed bein' blessed."

Tailored to a fault, with elegant manly-maidenly dignity, came by my lady journalist. Her brow was calm, her eyes shone with the light of a great purpose. She had but newly left the presence-chamber of Adamas van Boomfontein (latest arrived from El Dorado), who was good for at least two columns in the paper that had commissioned her, not to mention personal paragraphs innumerable elsewhere. But the great purpose swiftly faded, for the moment, before a greater. She saw the studious barrow-man. She stopped. She asked a question.

"Loves my Spenser? Lor' bless yer, mum, a-course I does. It an' the tother yaller 'uns is the chief comfort o' an 'ardworking bloke's weary d'y. I shudders to think wot life were afore. It were a dark an' dreary desert, a plaice without 'ope, as the Gospel-grinder up our court s'ys. You'd like ter come an' see me, mum, an' the missus an' the nippers! Yer does me proud. We doesn't encourage district visitors down our w'y, as a rool; but, beggin' yer pardin', mum, you're another sort o' plum. Won't yer taik down the address on a bit o' paiper—'ere ye are!" He held out one of his fruit-bags, but Rosalie was before him with her dainty tablets. Deftly she added the coster's name and address to her list of celebrities.

Meanwhile, I stood a little way apart, pretending to be interested in the sheets of the most deliciously frivolous paper in London, displayed in a window close at hand. But even my feigned interest died when I overheard the address the barrow-man gave to Rosalie. Of course, she would keep her promise; she was utterly fearless—she would go where her fancy led her, though Whitechapel menaced its worst. I had a right to interfere—a very sweet and tender right, but one that must nevertheless be exercised with discretion. I went a step nearer. Rosalie turned and recognised me. I thought I had never seen her blush so prettily.

"So interesting, you know," she murmured; "a cultivated coster—taste at the tail of a fruit-barrow" (my dear girl's only vice is a passion for throwing off striking head-lines in conversation). "Just look what the dear man's reading! And he has a wife and 'nippers'—all literary, and I'm going to see them."

"W'y, bless 'er pooty eyes, in course she is, sir; she's got it written down as clear as the print o' my Penny Pote."

Visions of fever, of violence, of the Knave of Knives floated before me as the joyous merchant brayed out his territorial designation. But the time was not ripe for warning, so I merely smiled down at Rosalie's eager face, and asked a question.

"Will you lunch with me to-day, little woman?"

"Thank you, Mere Man; delighted. The usual place?"

"Yes."

"The usual time?"

"Yes."

"*Au revoir*, then. And you, my friend, good-bye. I shan't forget."

She gave her curiosity a silver pledge of fidelity, and passed into the crowd, intent once more on business. I was left alone with the coster and my original problem. Was it a catch-penny dodge, or had he really a soul? My student readily fell into conversation.

"W'y do I study the potes, guv'nor? Look yere; do you think becos I goes wiv a barrer I'm destitoot o' taiste? W'y, w'en the huppa crust o' City clerks cawn't go out ter 'ave a bite wivout their yaller 'un, is the middle cut o' general dealers—it's a mistaik to call us costers,* we're general dealers—ter be barred o' their yaller 'un if they've an 'ead for it? But, look 'ee here, guv'nor, though we appreciate the classicalities, an' wouldn't miss one on 'em, bless ye, no!—I 'as every noo number almost the d'y it comes out—don't ye think they might throw in something lively at the end, jest ter maik a bloke read the faster through the fust pawt? It's this w'y. I don't s'y as I'm not enjoyin' my pome, but if I knowed that at the end was an artful little lot o' nice 'omely songs—'Glorious Beer,' or 'It ain't all Lavender,' or 'She Wanted Suthin' ter Pl'y wiv,' an' all that—I'd read a lot 'arder, I would, an' be ready sooner for a noo book. If yer knows the gent as prints 'em, guv'nor, pass 'im the tip. I charges nuffin'—but it's puttin' money in his pocket."

We talked a few moments longer.

"Right you are, guv'nor," he said at parting; "I didn't think of it like that w'en I spoke. We'll 'ave ter give up the 'omely songs in the interests o' wot concerns us more; but they would 'a' bin very comfortin' an' cheery-like, they would, if on'y they'd 'a' bin as big a draw. You'll bring the laidy along, won't yer? I'll see ye don't come to no 'arm. Sunday's our d'y at 'ome. Good-bye, sir."

Rosalie and I had a charming little lunch at the Enigma. She could talk of nothing but the erudite coster; even Van Boomfontein was eclipsed. The dear witch wouldn't for a moment hear of disappointing the dealer. I had to promise to take her East on Sunday afternoon. Already my darling's professional instinct had apprehended the true inwardness of the incident. She rapidly sketched for me a great article she wished us to write together on "The Moving of the Masses." "It will mean quite a hundred pounds, dearest, in one of the big reviews—very pleasant for our wedding-trip," she said. I made no comment.

Sunday afternoon found us in the slums. Rosalie had put plenty of eau-de-Cologne on her handkerchief, so she persevered bravely to the end of her mission. We were lucky enough to find our friend at his own fireside, in serene enjoyment of his pipe, a pot of "four-arf," and the *Police News*. He greeted us cordially, assured Rosalie that the "pup, bless 'im, meant no 'arm," and bade his wife dust such chairs as were at the moment out of the house of bondage. Rosalie would have preferred to stand, but in courtesy she took the chair her hostess offered and dealt out an offering of sweets to the children. When the small fry had been turned into the yard to settle the division of spoil by combat, we had some conversation with the lord of the house. Unfortunately, Rosalie was not well posted up in the details of the latest glove-fight, so she was rather left out in the cold. I did my best to make up for her deficiencies. But my dear girl had her turn, for even on recreation days our friend did not neglect the "really excellent." Close to his hand hung his poetry books, neatly filed on a string, and every now and then he paused in his discourse to refer to that classic collection, from which he made a careful extract, remarking that it was "plaguey hard to talk an' at the saime time keep a pipe alight." Rosalie watched him with ever-widening eyes.

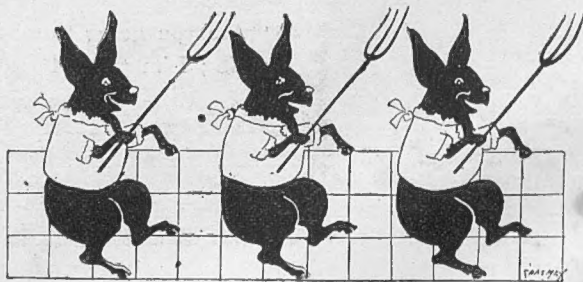
The autumn twilight was descending when we left Whitechapel. I called a hansom and put Rosalie into it. For a time, as we were whirled Westwards, she was silent. At last she betrayed her feelings. "It's too bad," she pouted. "Such a lovely idea! Quite impossible now!"

"What's impossible, dearest?"

"'The Moving of the Masses'!"

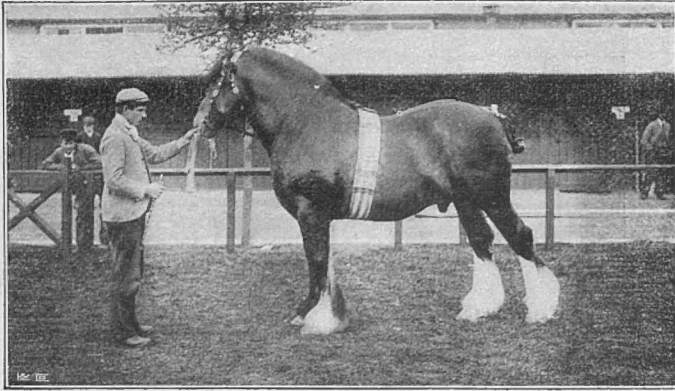
It took me the whole evening to comfort her.

* This statement was actually made.

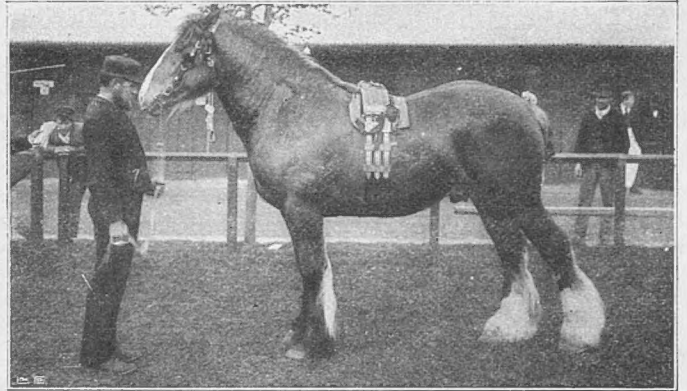


THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

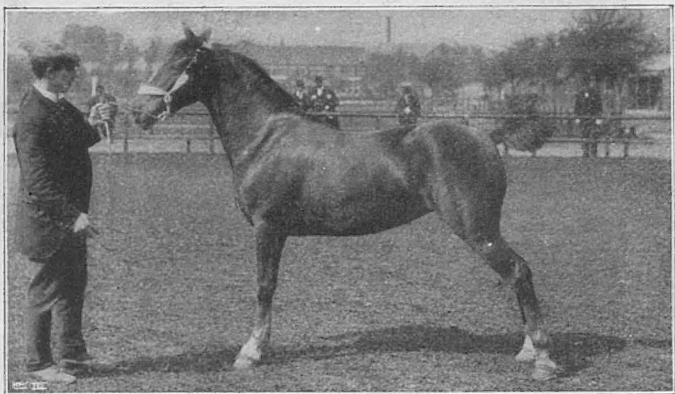
Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.



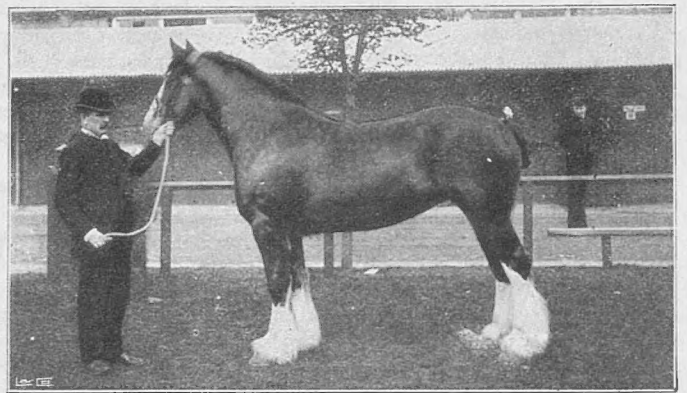
MR. O'NEILL'S "TULLYALLEN."



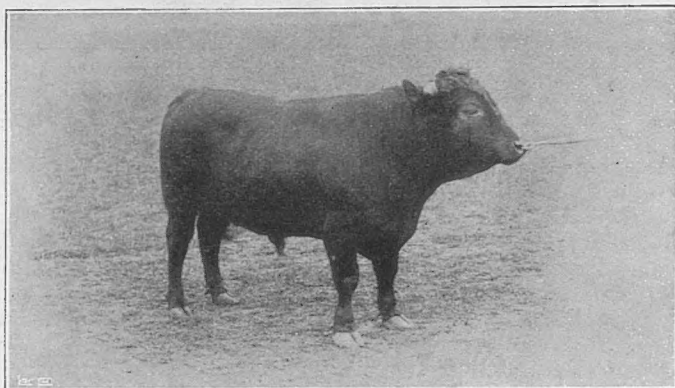
MR. O'NEILL'S "SCOTTISH CUT."



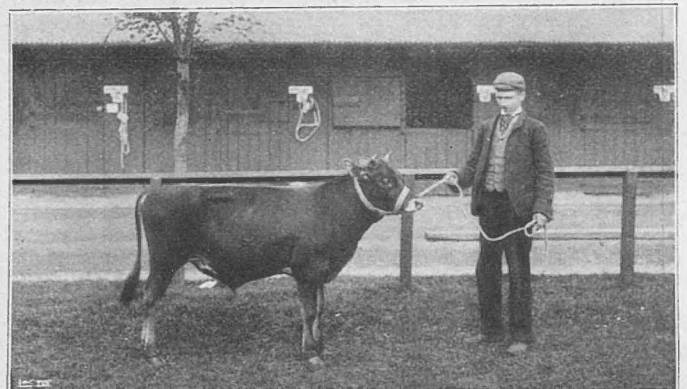
MR. MILNER'S "KATTY."



MR. O'NEILL'S "WOODBINE."



MR. PARKER'S "DEXTER."



MR. BROWN'S "JOKER FARM GIRL."



MR. THOMPSON'S TANDEM.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen has had quite a host of visitors and relations seeing her during the week. The Duke and Duchess of York are at Copenhagen.

The historic mansions of the older nobility in Piccadilly seem to have a more or less fatal influence on the modern millionaires who acquire them. The house of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid—who died a short time since at a comparatively early age—was once the property of an eccentric nobleman, who kept the place empty and unoccupied for years. No. 82, at the corner of Bolton Street, the big house which stands back, with a small piece of garden-ground shut in by a high wall, and at the moment in the hands of the builders, was once the property of the Ashburton family. Then it passed by purchase to the late Mr. Henry Brassey, who lived but a brief time to enjoy it. After his death—about two years ago, if I remember rightly—the mansion was purchased by the great sporting Jewish millionaire, Baron Hirsch, whose sudden death from apoplexy at his estate near Komorn, in Austria, robs the English Turf of a notable figure, the London hospitals of a most munificent benefactor, the Jewish race of a great philanthropist, and, if general report be not a liar, the Prince of Wales of an intimate and valued friend.

By the way, I was close to his Royal Highness at Victoria Station a few hours after the announcement of the Baron's death, and, though he acknowledged salutes with his usual graciousness, his face hardly wore so jovial an expression as it usually does. I was dining with some friends on the night before the Baron's death: someone looked out of window—it was a brilliant night—and remarked that "there was a big star close to the horn of the moon." Our hostess, a learned lady, remarked, "It is Jupiter: we shall hear something startling to-morrow about some great personage." The morning papers spoke of a conjunction of Jupiter with the moon, and the early evening editions told us of the Baron's death!

The Eckhardstein-Blundell-Maple marriage is still being a great deal discussed—in fact, many years have gone by since so charming a country wedding has taken place in England, and no fairy princess could have wished for a lovelier background to the ceremony than the fine Abbey of St. Albans. All the arrangements were admirably carried out. Two special trains brought down a smart contingent from London, and the Diplomatic Body were, of course, in great force, for the Baron Eckhardstein has long been connected with the German Embassy, and a great deal of personal interest has been taken in his matrimonial affairs,



BARON AND BARONESS ECKHARDSTEIN.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

the more so that it is no secret that he had long been attached to Miss Maple. Although none of the royalties were able to be present, several were represented by the most exquisite gifts, including a diamond-studded bijou watch sent by the Prince of Wales. Mr. Alfred Rothschild, who is famed for his original and costly wedding-presents,

gave the bride some green enamel and diamond sleeve-links, and the number and beauty of the offerings showed how personally popular both bride and bridegroom may claim to be.

Another smart wedding which has also aroused a good deal of interest, especially among political and legal folk, was the marriage of Mr. Leslie Lathom Gedge, the son of the well-known Member for



EDITH, DAUGHTER OF MR. T. W. RUSSELL.
From a Painting by Miss Sarah Purser, exhibited at the New Gallery.

Walsall, to Miss Edith Russell, the only daughter of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, the genial M.P. who sits for South Tyrone. The ceremony took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and both at the church and, later, at the Westminster Town Hall, large gatherings of interesting and interested people were present, among others Mr. and Mrs. Lecky, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord James of Hereford, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Caine, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Collings, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold-Forster. The bride's wedding-gown was trimmed with some beautiful Irish lace, and her veil, specially made for the occasion, covered a wreath of real orange-blossoms. It is curious to note that country-house honeymoons are going out of fashion. Baron and Baroness Eckhardstein are wending their way to Seville, *via* Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Gedge are also on the Continent, and love in a manor is voted dull by most *fin-de-siècle* couples.

The surname of the late Marquis of Bath was, as all the world knows, Thynne, and the derivation of this honoured patronymic is rather a curious one. The original family name of the Thynnes was Boteville, and the first Boteville, a knight of eminence in Poitou, came over to England to help the weak-kneed King John when in hot water with his rebellious barons. The Boteviles flourished for many a generation on lands at Stretton given to the French Sir Geoffrey by the Earl of Arundel. In a deed dated 1497 two Boteviles are described as "de le Inne," or, of the Inn, which description does not imply that the ancestors of the Marquis of Bath kept a public-house, but that the family property had been divided, and while the younger branch took the copyholds, the elder retained the freeholds, together with the family residence, commonly called in those far-off days "The Inn." In the course of a couple of generations this distinction, not unnaturally, corrupted, and the great-grandson of John of the Inn was known to all men as Francis Thynne, who flourished as Lancaster Herald in the sixteenth century. His cousin, Sir John Thynne, laid the foundations of the magnificent residence at Longleat in 1567—a mansion this that took twelve years in building, and has the reputation of being the "first really well-built house in the kingdom."

What with the Earl of Onslow's mansion at Clandon, and the *Standard* correspondent's haunted house, with the *nom de théâtre* of "Silverton Abbey," we seem to be in the midst of ghosts. With regard

to the latter gentleman's experiences, they remind me very much of certain tales of my youth, when I lived in the midst of the superstitions of South Devon. Close to us was a country-house called Wood, which was appropriately surrounded by woods and copses. This house was undeniably haunted (it was said), and I can recall various tenants who lived there, while the number of domestics who went but did not stay was simply appalling. I have heard one tenant relate, in the most serious manner, his experiences—ringing of bells, rattling of chains, rustling of silk dresses in chimneys, were the least of these evils. This gentleman stated, on his word of honour, in my presence, that on several occasions, when his bedroom door was securely locked and bolted, it was opened in the middle of the night, the whole of the bed-clothes were torn off him, and he only awoke to see a tall, dark figure vanish through the doorway, leaving the door locked and bolted as before. I remember, too, that we had a cook who had stayed for a few months at Wood, and her experiences, told in broad Devon, gave me many a delicious thrill of dread. In fact, there would, in those days, have been no difficulty in finding dozens of witnesses to swear to the haunting of Wood. As far as I can remember, the mystery was never cleared up or accounted for in any way.



ARISTION.

If the late lamented Lord Byron had lived till the present year of grace, I fear that he would not have written his dirge on the Isles of Greece. The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon has turned its classic head westwards and seen what the living world is doing. Thus the First Quadrennial Meeting of the National Olympic Association held in Athens has been a success. The ancient Stadion has been restored by a rich Greek merchant at Alexandria, and it became crowded with a medley of men from the ends of the earth, such as the ancient Greeks never saw. Happily, the Greek held his own, for in the time-honoured race from Marathon it was a Greek peasant, Sotirios Loués, who came in first out of eighteen competitors, twelve of whom were Greek, while

the others were French, German, Hungarian, American, and Australian. Loués is the hero of the moment in Greece, lionised by ladies, petted by princes, and crowned by the King. As a contrast, I give a portrait of the Marathonian runner who flourished 776 B.C.—to wit, Aristion. He left the Battle of Marathon and went to this selfsame Stadion to announce the victory to the Athenians, who were anxiously waiting the result. He was able to pronounce but one word, "Victory!" and then fell down dead.

Classical scholars who are also musicians should be interested to learn that a German composer named Bungert has nearly finished an ambitious operatic tetralogy, which he calls "The Homeric World." If only Bungert has a tenth part of the genius of Wagner, he might be able to turn out a tetralogy fairly commensurate with the importance of the subject; at any rate, there is promise in the titles of the four sections, which are "Circe," "Odysseus," "Nausikaa," and "The Return of Odysseus." "The Tale of Troy," I presume, would require another trilogy or tetralogy to itself. The theme is an inspiring one, but I fear there is little demand for classical operas nowadays.

How is this for the name of a stage character? The heavy part—at least, I presume it is the heavy part—in a forthcoming provincial drama will bear the "out-and-out" name of "Grabstone Lust"!



THE MODERN MARATHONIAN (LOUÉS).

Photo by Makropoulos, Athens.



THE STADION AT ATHENS.

"Wanted, a poet." That is surely the pressing need of the temperance cause. Has anyone ever produced a really rousing and spirited teetotal song? I am afraid the poet's soul must be stirred to lyric ecstasy by something stronger than cold water. Perhaps the offer of a prize for the best song on the subject of total abstinence might bring to the front some hitherto "mute, inglorious Milton," and I beg to commend the idea to the executive of the United Kingdom Alliance. At present, could there be a stronger proof of the unpoetical nature of the cause than the unutterable feebleness of the following lines, intended as an improvement on the jollity of "Auld Lang Syne"?—

Shall e'er cold water be forgot,
When we sit down to dine?

Cold water, though so much despised,
Reviled by voice and pen,
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men.

Chorus. Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take the weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

There are, apparently, no abstaining musicians either, for the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" has been borrowed bodily, and therein lies a great danger. Who knows but that some jovial souls, recent and wavering converts to the cause, may be reminded of the "good old times," and, instead of singing the praises of cold water, may begin the glorification of "pint stoups" and "right gude willywaughts"? The next step would be to leave the meeting and cross the road to the nearest—But, no; I would not willingly hurt the feelings of any total abstainers.

That clever young authoress, Miss Ethel Turner, whose stories, "Seven Little Australians" and "The Family at Misrule," have made a rapid success, was married a few days ago to Mr. Carlewiss, a barrister. Miss Turner is reckoned an Australian, but she is English by birth, although her residence in the Land of Kangaroos has given her a claim to be considered a Colonial. Her pen has been very busy lately, and a new volume of stories will soon be published. She is only about twenty-two years old, and lives outside of Sydney. Much of her fame in this country has been owing to the firm belief in her ability shown by one or two literary friends.

Could anything give a more vivid idea of the refined point which our advanced civilisation has reached than the news-bill which the *Globe* published Tuesday last week? Just think of the two ends of the

an adept in the game. Charles Bradlaugh was another good player, and I think Sir Charles Russell, before the Lord Chief Justiceship removed him from the Commons, used to indulge in the recreation.

Referring to a recent paragraph about postage-stamps bearing effigies of her Majesty in her habit as she lives, "honour to whom honour is due." A correspondent says: "The Niger Court Protectorate by no means set the example in this respect. As long ago as 1880 Newfoundland issued a stamp with the Queen in her widow's cap, and in '84 and '88 stamps bearing a figure of her Majesty 'up to date' were issued by New South Wales, while New Zealand followed suit with certain specimens in '91. Canada—which, long before, had issued fiscal stamps of this design—gave us two handsome stamps with a widowed Queen in the same year (1893)." In Canada the last issue of the type of stamp I refer to was struck off a quarter of a century or more ago. I reproduce a specimen of one here, a bill stamp, three dollars in value. This whole issue, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty cents, and one, two, and three dollars, bear substantially the same portrait of her Majesty as that shown in the stamp reproduced. But all these stamps were primarily fiscal issues, though employed also for postal purposes. In the Jubilee issue of New South Wales, the sixpenny value had a minute head of her Majesty tucked away in the left top corner—this is the sole example for New South Wales. In 1891 New Zealand issued stamps of the denominations of twopence-halfpenny and fivepence, each of which included a modern portrait of her Majesty, *very small*, as a *portion* of the design. These are all. "Honour is due" to Niger Coast as being the first Colony (or Protectorate) to adopt an up-to-date portrait of the Queen for its complete series, using such portrait in the usual manner. Collectors would welcome with joy Colonials of new design, more especially were they such fine specimens of engraving as Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Co. gave us in the good old times, when the rare issues of Ceylon were in use. A complete collection of Ceylon stamps, indeed, is a most admirable object-lesson in the deterioration of the Colonial postage-stamp, and the same remark, I regret to say, must apply, in perhaps a lesser degree, to the stamps of the Old Country.



I have received this gem from Berlin—

DEAR SIRS,—Two gentlemen of high education who have ever lived in Berlin, beg to inform you that they have the intention to write letters from the Industrial Exhibition that will be opened on the 1st of May and take the liberty of asking your Honour, if you are willing to publish these articles in your highly estimated journal. We request the favour of an answer and in case of acceptance of our offer, the conditions of the honorary.

I have read in a daily paper an account of the meeting of the Anti-Gambling League at Armagh. One speaker, whose broad-minded views suggest his fitness for the Licensing Committee of the L.C.C., stated that bookmakers could be "neither pure nor Christian men." Thereupon one of the pencilling fraternity rose and said that he claimed to be an honest man, and could face his Maker at any moment, happy in the consciousness that he had made a good book. Another man echoed these statements, and, in a scene of some confusion, the motion of the Anti-Gambling League was lost, and Messrs. Chadband, Stiggins, and Co. received a decisive snub. These are glad tidings. Every sensible man and woman must recognise that a bookmaker may be a man of honour and integrity. I know many who are good men and true. As a class, I object to bookmakers, because they shout and scream, and even when they are silent their clothes are loud enough to be heard miles away. I have known them to swear when I have brought home a "no-chancer," or when everybody has backed a winner; but, then, neither gambling nor blasphemy is peculiar to bookmakers. I have noticed both on the London Stock Exchange, an eminently respectable institution. How the Anti-Gambling League can hope to do any good while it is irrelevant and abusive I cannot understand. There is plenty of good, unostentatious work for it to do in which abuse and slander have no part.

Truth to tell, the people ruined by gambling would be ruined if horse-racing had never existed. Weak-minded men must go to the wall whether drink or gambling or any other vice be the cause. Certain degenerates are born to be ruined, and cannot avoid their fate. On the other hand, there are thousands of absolutely healthy gamblers. Those who know the North of England well will bear witness to the truth of what I say. In and around Yorkshire I have met men who will bet on anything and everything, always keeping within their means, backing their own judgment, and following open events. They will not bet at a tape or follow the sporting tipsters along the road leading to impecuniosity, but, having formed an opinion, they put money upon it and will not hedge. And, because they have faced a gamble honestly, it has done them good. They learn to take a loss with equanimity and a gain with sober pleasure. To point out the prevalence of gambling in the poverty-stricken quarters of London and to make bookmakers responsible for it is absurd. Most poor people bet because their position is desperate, and they think they see a short cut to affluence. The social condition of their lives is the cause of their gambling. The bookmaker takes his losses and runs plenty of risk; he is in no way to blame for the condition of things.

THE GLOBE

TUESDAY APRIL 21
EARLY SPECIAL

YESTERDAY

AT

BULUWAYO

FULLY DESCRIBED

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS

earth which that electric wire put into instant communication—Darkest Africa on the one side, over-civilised London on the other, and yet within a few hours London knows all that is striking in the history of Buluwayo.

Chess has revived its popularity this Session at the House of Commons. Young Lord Warkworth, M.P., the cultured heir to the Dukedom of Northumberland, has come to the front as a good player. Some years ago, I remember, Lord Randolph Churchill began to take lessons from Steinitz in chess-playing, to cure insomnia, and he became

In the Spartan upbringing of his children the Kaiser rivals his ancestor Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. According to Klausmann's "Leben im Deutschen Kaiserhause," the life of the royal children at Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. In their years of infancy the Kaiserin ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them, and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of nine, things are changed, and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all

a quarter past one. Thereupon they accompany to dinner the Military and Civil Governors of the Castle, and, following this, they have a brief breathing-time to themselves. But the happy moments soon flee away, and again they have to be at their exercises—this time science and music till six o'clock. Then supper is served, and by eight o'clock they are all snug in bed. In sport and other manly exercises they are proficient, and can ride as well without a saddle as most people can with. Their military education is also pushed to the utmost, and, that



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND PRINCESS LOUISE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHAARWÄCHTER, BERLIN.

the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday-time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies. Here, for example, is an ordinary day's work for the Crown Prince and his two brothers: In summer the happy dreams of childhood are disturbed at six o'clock, in winter at seven. Breakfast, consisting of one cup of tea and a roll, is served at half-past seven. From eight till half-past nine they are hard at work at lessons, to help the digestion of which they are supplied with a second *Frühstück* of bread, with water tinged with red wine. Immediately afterwards they start on their books again, but mental exercise is mixed with physical, and an hour is spent in gymnastics and horse-exercise, which lasts till

they should understand the principles of war thoroughly, a miniature fortress has been built for them of solid masonry; the walls are nine feet high, and in the revolving towers the beleaguered have the opportunity of repelling hostilities by means of miniature Krupp guns and all the latest implements of modern warfare. A part of their education is also devoted to the gentler arts of peace. In the royal gardens each child has a plot of ground, and each is his own gardener and is responsible to headquarters for the maintenance of the said plot. After a riding-lesson, too, they are not allowed to throw the reins of the ponies to a groom and then walk off. Every prince has to take his pony to its stall, unsaddle it, and put everything in its proper place before leaving.

A duelling epidemic seems passing over the Continent. I should not be surprised if the Steinlen-Daudet encounter, should it ever come to pass, would not prove a more serious affair than that in which the Prince de Sagan recently played the principal part. The great novelist's son and heir is a true Southerner, both in appearance and temperament. It is an open secret that the divorce pronounced between himself and his wife (*née* Jeanne Hugo) was entirely due to violent incompatibility of temper. Curiously enough, Alphonse Daudet himself once fought a duel under very similar circumstances. The affair is told at some length in the "Goncourts' Journal." The present fire-eater, then a small boy, overheard his father confiding the news of the forthcoming encounter to some friend. The child said nothing, and, though suffering considerable agony of mind, entirely concealed what he had heard from his mother. It is to be hoped that M. Léon Daudet will show a similar self-control in this no less grave circumstance. By the way, when we overhear a sneer at French duelling, we do not realise that the more serious Continental "affairs of honour" are never mentioned in the newspapers at all.

Mr. Haweis is delivering at the Steinway Hall a number of those lectures which have proved so popular in America, Australia, and some of our own larger provincial towns. The first, delivered last Wednesday at three o'clock, dealt with the subject of "Music and Morals"—the title, it will be observed, of one of the lecturer's most popular volumes. The lecture is illustrated with a number of violin-solos played by Mr. Haweis himself. To-day, April 29, Mr. Haweis will deal with "Musical Sound and Emotion," and next week he will give his audience "Some Personal Recollections of Tennyson."

Mr. Haweis can call himself at once preacher, musician, and author. He can boast of the most curious congregation in London, and few American visitors go away without having paid a visit to St. James's Church, Westmoreland Street. He has been from childhood a fine violin-player, and may be said to be the spiritual godchild of Paganini, for he was the favourite pupil of Oury, the great musician's best disciple. Even now Mr. Haweis finds time to be a frequent contributor to periodical literature; he was one of the first leader-writers on the *Echo*, and has published a considerable number of biographical works, notably an interesting volume, the Life of his old friend, Sir Morell Mackenzie.

Yet another Hamlet! And here, bating the burlesque, is perhaps the nearest recorded approach to the conception of the moody Dane's outward semblance, as set forth in Wilhelm Meister. But these reflections are too serious for the alleged Prince of Denmark, who rollicks on the boards at the new Shakspeare Theatre at Olympia every other hour, every lawful day and night. Truly it is, in many respects, a moving spectacle, particularly so, perhaps, when Hamlet, otherwise Mr. Harry Walker, in the unavoidable absence of the act-drop, drops in himself and shifts the scenes, *coram populo*.

Mr. Harry Walker, endeared to the public these many years as "Whimsical Walker," is an undeniable success in this tragedy-part. He interprets Mr. Sturgess's improvement on Shakspeare with infinite zest, and gets off the numerous "quotations" and misquotations of which his part is composed so skilfully that every one is a hit, a palpable hit, from the first to the last, when he or someone else announces that the rest is silence, whereupon the band plays. Not the least interesting thing about the exhibition lies in its being an exact reproduction of Richardson's show, famous in the 'forties at all country fairs. Outside you have the booth, inside you are in a veritable barn, with bare brick walls (all counterfeit), at the end of which is the little "fit-up." The very scenery is a joke, the band is a joke; it is all a joke from start to finish, so when you go to Olympia be sure you see the joke. It is a big



HAMLET'S GHOST, AT OLYMPIA.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

one for sixpence. You get all Hamlet in fifteen minutes, or seem to do so. This is stage illusion indeed. On Easter Monday Mr. Walker played the part no less than twenty-two times. Good Sir Augustus, fearing for his Hamlet's health, fixed the limit at ten, but Mr. Walker was indefatigable, and would not be restrained. Then Druriolanus sent



"HAMLET," AT OLYMPIA.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

beef-tea, and Hamlet survived. Though dead-beat at the end, he only regretted he had not reached the twenty-fifth performance. Thus the native hue of resolution is not sicklied o'er in the Shakspeare booth at Olympia. But, of course, "contrariness" is there supreme. It draws. The next sacrilege is to be "Romco and Juliet."

Thank you, Mr. Morton, for this thing, which I cut out of the *Telegraph* advertising column—

PALACE.—NOTICE TO LADIES.—The Management ask as a special favour that they will not continue to wear the Objectionable High Hat in the theatre. Verb. Sap.

Added to Lord Ronald Gower's attack on the masculine tall hat, it is all the more interesting.

How far is one's name one's copyright. In Mr. Jones's new play, "The Rogue's Comedy," we have a Lady Clarabut. By the way, I see Miss Clara Butt is going to Italy to complete her musical education. Again, in a novel called "Paul Heinsius," by Cora Lyster, which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published, there is a Geraldine Ullmer. The owner of that name (slightly altered to Ulmar) might object all the more in view of the peculiarly disagreeable character of the fictitious goddaughter.

Though I noticed last week the dramatic career of poor Arthur Cecil from the time of his first success in 1869 (I well remember his singing of "Hushaby Bacon" before the fire in the musical version of "Cox and Box" at the Old Gallery of Illustration), with the German Reeds, to that of those later triumphs in Mr. Pinero's farcical comedies at the Court, there was hardly time or space to touch on those social qualities as a mimic, raconteur, and sketchist on the piano which those who have met him in a friend's drawing-room, or have heard him in his own rooms in Clarendon Chambers, with the endless collection of photos of celebrities, and the historic piano which once, I think, belonged to Albert Smith, are likely to easily forget. Arthur Cecil had a prodigious appetite for the study of the "light side of nature"—and a big appetite, too, in the more usual sense of the word. For example, he would give you the roadway cyclist with the set and solemn countenance, who appears to have all the cares of Europe, not to mention Venezuela and South Africa, on his shoulders, in a way to make you die with laughing, his iron horse represented by a chair. It is curious how near together the best-known members of the German Reeds' have gone over to the majority. I believe Miss Fanny Holland is the only member of the ever-memorable little company now alive.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

One thing is certain about the ninth Australian cricket team, and that is, that no body of cricketers ever gave so much trouble to their selectors, and no selection was ever more criticised in Australia. The players selected are: Messrs. H. Donnan, S. E. Gregory, F. Iredale, T. R. McKibbin (New South Wales), H. Graham, J. Harry, A. Johns, H. Trott, H. Trumble (Victoria), J. Darling, G. Giffen, E. Jones (South Australia), and C. J. Eady (Tasmania). Of these players, only five, namely, Graham, Gregory, Giffen, Trott, and Trumble, have previously visited England, so that there can be no complaint of the want of new blood in the team. It will also be noted that Queensland drops out of the representation, while for the first time the tight little island of Tasmania comes in. The five players mentioned are tolerably familiar to English readers, so that little need be said of them. Gregory has been to England twice. During his first trip he suffered a good deal from ill-health, and never seemed to attain his true batting form, his average being only 12·28. In the next and last team, however, he improved, and came out with an average of 23·23. Trumble was also in the last two teams, and, although he did not distinguish himself in the first, he came out with the respectable batting average of 21·34, and a bowling average of 16·48 in the second. The general opinion in the Colonies was that he ought not to have been in this team. It was urged, however, that he was a useful all-round man, in the slips unequalled, a good reserve captain, equally expert with bat and ball, and generally a well-conducted, level-headed fellow. Graham will be remembered for his brilliant batting during his last and first visit to England, when, as a colt, he achieved the distinction of gaining top average. His batting in Australia has been rather erratic since, but, as he generally scores best on sticky wickets, the selectors did not hesitate to give him a place. Giffen is the "W. G." of Australia, and needs no commendation, since his personality and his marvellous deeds, both with bat and ball, are so familiar to English people. This is his fifth trip to England, the first being made fourteen years ago, and, although George is not the youngest man in the team, he is, on present form, distinctly the best. Indeed, like "the Doctor," he seems to improve with age. Harry Trott is another good all-round and consistent player, the finest point in Australia, a dangerous slow bowler with an awkward leg-break, a reliable bat, and a captain of good judgment. This is his fourth visit to England.

Of the eight new members of the team, three only—Iredale, Darling, and Eady—commended themselves with unanimous approbation to the Australian people. The claims of the other five were keenly discussed and weighed against those of older and more experienced players who had been left out. For some years Iredale has been one of the most reliable batsmen in the New South Wales team. It was during Stoddart's visit that he came to the front, and for thirteen innings played against the English team he had the excellent average of 49·1. He is a fine, fearless, watchful batsman, with a grand defence and unusual skill in the art of cutting, an achievement in which few Australian batsmen are proficient. He is an excellent fieldsmen "in the country," and on occasions is dangerous with the ball. Donnan is another New South Welshman whose inclusion was made entirely on the score of his batting. He began cricket at the early age of fifteen, when he won the first eleven's all-round play trophy at the Sydney Grammar School. During his ten years of first-class cricket he has scored nine centuries and one 200. In eight years of intercolonial cricket he has played fifty-two innings, with an average of 31, a record second only to that achieved by Murdoch and Moses. During the last Australian season he was in particularly brilliant form, having an average of 68·4 for five innings. He is a watchful batsman, of the Bannerman school, but, on a good wicket, can score rapidly, and is a serviceable change-bowler. Like Iredale, he is an abstemious and well-conducted fellow, and is related to Sydney Gregory by marriage, the two having married sisters. Darling is another batsman who may be expected to give English bowlers some trouble. He is a dashing left-hander, and a good out-field. He has great determination, and can hit on

sticky wickets when required. In thirteen innings against Stoddart's team he had an average of 38·7. He is a muscular young Australian, and plays football well. The three new bowlers in the team are Jones, Eady, and McKibbin, the two first-named being "express" and the last-named medium-paced. Eady's inclusion in the team gave universal satisfaction. He is the Bonnor of the team. Only twenty-four years of age, he stands 6 ft. 2 in. and weighs 15 st. 10 lb. Tasmanian by birth, he is the first representative of that colony in the Australian team. He is one of the finest footballers in Australia, and an expert swimmer. He was included mainly for his bowling, but, as a batsman, he is likely to prove as effective as anyone in the team. In 1895, against Victoria, he scored 116 and 112 (not out) in the same match, and last season got 156 against the Melbourne Club. As a bowler, his latest achievement before leaving was eight wickets for 34 and four for 29 against Victoria. He is a fast trundler with great staying powers, and is likely to prove destructive on some fiery English wickets. Jones, the other fast bowler, is another born athlete. He is a good footballer, champion sprinter of Adelaide, and expert at feats of strength. He started playing for South Adelaide in 1893, and proved almost unplayable. At his fastest he is a second Spofforth, but cannot maintain the pace, and often becomes erratic both as to pace and pitch. He is a brilliant field, and can knock up runs at times. Just before leaving Australia, he performed the excellent feat of taking five wickets for 15 runs in a contest between South Australia and Victoria. McKibbin takes Turner's place as a medium-pace bowler, but it is doubtful whether he will achieve anything like the success of "the Terror." He is a right-hand bowler and left-hand batsman, has a dangerous leg-break, and on some wickets completely ties up the batsmen. He plays for the Glebe Club, Sydney. The two remaining players are Harry and Johns, both Victorians and both wicket-keepers. Johns, however, is put in for his wicket-keeping alone, Harry being reserve. There was great dispute as to Johns' right to be in the team, but when Stoddart was in Australia he was so struck with his ability as a stumper that he strongly recommended his inclusion in the team in the absence of Blackham. Johns is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 11 st. 4 lb., and is 6 ft. tall. He is a Melbourne native, and has played with the University for some years. He has had twelve years of wicket-keeping, and during that time has never received any serious injury. He can take Jones and Eady easily. His style of taking the ball is smart, without undue flourish. He has great nerve, and he never gets flurried. Harry, a native of Bendigo, is taken as second wicket-keeper, but is, in reality, one of the most useful men in the team. He is a veteran of thirty-eight years, not unlike E. M. Grace in appearance, and is equally good at batting, bowling, fielding, and wicket-keeping. He has been playing, as professional, for East Melbourne for years, and has nearly always had a place in the Victorian eleven. R. C. B.

H. Trumble. F. A. Iredale. C. J. Eady. A. E. Johns. T. R. McKibbin.
E. Jones. G. Giffen. H. Musgrove (Manager). G. H. S. Trott (Captain). J. Darling.



H. Donnan.

H. Graham.

S. E. Gregory.

THE NINTH AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OSBORNE BROTHERS, SYDNEY.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Dawn was toying with the architectural beauties of the Strand as a man with pallid features and tottering gait slowly made his way westward. It was the time of morning when the day's newspapers begin to rush about in bundles, when the carts of Messrs. Smith and Son are charged with weighty matter that shall presently stir the souls of citizens still slumbering, when carters yawn, and editors go home to bed. To the tranquil observer there is an exhilarating freshness in such a moment, not simply in the cool morning air, but in the thought that these papers in bundles are buds that will presently flower the town with news, scattering their petals in prodigal abundance. Just now they seem to have the dew upon them, the dew of printer's ink. Presently, when the town awakes, they will lose their early bloom; they will be strewn beneath the "mad mob's million feet"; they will be used for parcels, and enclose the doubtful fragrance of cheese. Thus the philosophical poet in the Strand at 4 a.m. may picture the crowded hour of glorious life which belongs to the daily journal. But the pallid man thought of none of these things. He watched the carts of Messrs. Smith with a wild and poppling eye, and murmured, "Does the stain of blood rest upon them? Do those bundles conceal the bodies of murdered printers? Shall I see an accusing hand, or an incriminating leg, protruding from the heap, and mutely demanding vengeance?" The spectacle he had conjured up was too much for his nerves, and he sank, with a groan, into the arms of a stout policeman.

"Hold up, guv'nor," said that officer of the law. "What's the matter? Drink?" The pallid stranger struggled to an upright posture, and, with a touch of dignity, answered, "Drink! Am I that sort of man, think you? No; constable, not drink; it's blood! I have slain a mild-eyed printer! A meek and elderly man he was, constable, with white hair! I'll tell you all; conscience shrieks the full particulars. You see, we were bringing out our First Number; full of beautiful things, constable, golf, weddings, the House of Commons, the police; yes, we remembered the moral and physical beauty of 'the Force'; and, just at the critical moment, that mild-eyed printer stood before me, and said he must have a short paragraph to fill up the page of fashions. Ah, constable! May you never know the agony of blindly clutching for a short paragraph at such a crisis! The room swam; the air was thick with paste; a voice murmured in my ear, 'Stick in a ten-lined horror, sir; nothing like a good concise horror!'; out of the chaos shaped a grisly instrument, constable; it was the scissors! I plunged the steel into the printer's breast, clapped the paste-pot on the wound, and sent the bleeding corse to the composing-room as the ten-lined horror! When you buy our First Number, constable, *don't look at page fifteen!* The public must be warned; get me a sandwich-man—*quick!*—and write upon his boards, '*Beware of page fifteen!*'—there's blood upon it! All the perfumes in our advertisement columns will not sweeten that short paragraph! Ha! That mild-eyed printer's devils—they are gibbering at me!" Here the pallid man sank again into the arms of the policeman, who said gruffly, "This won't do, you know. What's your name?" The stranger opened his eyes, and, with a smile of delirium, muttered, "Ask our sporting-editor—he spots all the winners!"

One of the charms of a First Number is that it discloses an abundance of shrewdness in your friends. Men whom you never suspected of an interest in such things favour you with suggestions which must have cost them prolonged thought. They are full of new titles, much better than the one you have modestly preferred; they are critical about the shape of the paper; they have brilliant ideas for a column which is sure to be read by multitudes. You sit in a shower-bath of post-cards which are inscribed like this: "Only one thing wanted, dear boy, to make your organ the joy of the universe. Why not interview *all the bath-chairmen?*" You cannot deny the momentary fascination of the notion. Pictures of aged servitors who supply the place of donkeys at the seaside by dragging valetudinarians up and down the parade rise before you, with thrilling autobiographies. The romance of a bath-chairman who loved secretly, hopelessly, the consumptive daughter of a baronet, and strove to express his passion by the eloquence of his shoulders, as he drew the vehicle which carried her fragile form, fires your susceptible imagination. The next instant you are snatched from this fairy-dream by another post-card which says, in a delicate, feminine hand: "You haven't got enough crime: I searched your pages in vain this morning for my favourite murder."

But of all these counsellors I chiefly love the *blasé* expert who doubts whether newspapers have any function of being. "Your organ might be very well," he writes, "if anybody wanted to read it. Do you suppose that daily papers are ever read? If they were all blotted out to-morrow, who would care? Buying papers is a mere convention; reading them is a pretence. When they have any influence at all, it is generally mischievous. I bought your First Number for the sake of friendship, and threw it out of a railway-carriage window without reading a line. On reflection, I fear this was injudicious, for it may have been picked up by a platelayer, who is now a corpse because he was absorbed in the task of transferring his bread and bacon from the family bandanna to your First Number when the express came by. There are lots of people who never see a newspaper without an irresistible desire to make a parcel with it. Think it out philosophically, dear boy, and you will own that this is really the only practical use of journals. Still, I shall continue to wish you success, while diligently avoiding your new-born print." A letter like that has a haunting wisdom. It might have been penned by Ecclesiastes. *Vanitas vanitatum!* All is vanity and daily newspapers. What do we here below but sprinkle our zeal with the ashes of First Numbers? You are deep in this mood when another kindly spirit refreshes you with this strain: "Bravo! Number One is splendid! My wife has just suggested that, as we are about to re-paper the spare bedroom, which you promised to occupy, you know, in your autumn holiday, we ought to spread your First Number on the hospitable walls. I think it is a famous idea, and have just instructed our newsagent accordingly. He seemed surprised by the order. Just imagine yourself, old fellow, opening your eyes in that bedroom at dawn, and seeing the familiar paragraphs assembling round you like a guard of honour! P.S.—We shall put the Number on the ceiling. It will be like a coronation for you every morning!"

The Shakspeare Celebration at Stratford-on-Avon comes opportunely for some diplomatists. The proudest citizen of the West can scarcely reproach his Ambassador for testifying eloquently to the American admiration of the Bard. Is it not proved that Shakspeare wrote the Western language? Learned philologists over the ocean are never weary of showing that Shakspeare invented the Americanisms which, in our ignorance, we take to be corruptions of the mother-tongue. Then the poet's birthplace is full of tokens that our Transatlantic cousins make a special and exclusive claim to his memory. Did not a munificent son of Philadelphia set up a drinking-fountain in the town? I have no doubt that the patriotic imagination of Americans who drink at that fountain flavours its waters with Bourbon whisky. "Tell me where is fancy bred." It is in the head of the New Yorker who tastes his Manhattan cocktail at the shrine of Avon's Swan. Then the air of Stratford pleasantly echoes the accent of American pilgrims till you think yourself transported to New England. Warwickshire becomes a county of Massachusetts, and, if you take a boat on the Avon, you will presently find yourself in Boston Harbour. It is an agreeable fancy, because nothing is more striking at Stratford than the genuine devotion of the American. He may yearn for the Capitol at Washington when he visits the Houses of Parliament, and he may think sternly of Bunker's Hill when he examines the modest statues of our heroes in the Abbey. But in Stratford-on-Avon he is obviously at home; he is the appointed guardian of the august tomb, and anybody who meddles with the Bones below will have to square accounts with him. He can roll out whole speeches from Shakspeare, which he delivers in the rotund manner still dear to American actors and orators. It lacks nature, perhaps; but I am not sure that it is always inferior to the unmethodical diction of many of our public favourites.

Well, there is one hint which Mr. Bayard might have given to his countrymen. While they possess Stratford-on-Avon, why should they bother about Venezuela? Englishmen are not jealous because Shakspeare's native town has been spiritually annexed to the United States. If, instead of judiciously claiming Shakspeare as the common heritage of England and America, Mr. Bayard had boldly appropriated the poet as an American patriarch, I fancy there would have been but a languid protest from the mass of the English people. Moreover, did not a well-known dramatic critic declare the other day that Shakspeare makes no appeal to the modern spirit? True, Mr. Archer is not of this opinion; but he and Mr. Tree are pretty well agreed that they are the only enthusiasts for the devout representation of Shakspeare on our stage. Like amiable fanatics, they hail one another with salvos of texts from the Prophet, and then fall to genial disputation as to the permanent virtue of this line or that. But, apart from these holy men, there is no deep reverence for Shakspeare in all this renegade isle, save the incense which rises in his temple from the worshippers who flock to the Mecca on the Avon from Vermont and the Rocky Mountains.

"THE GAY PARISIENNE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



AUGUSTE (MR. FRANK WHEELER) AND MDLLE. JULIE BON-BON, THE GAY PARISIENNE (MISS ADA REEVE).

The Duke of York's Theatre seems at last to have found a luck-bringer, for "The Gay Parisienne," produced on April 4, is a success. The librettist, Mr. George Dance, is at his best, while Mr. Ivan Caryll has written some very catching music. The story is not peculiarly cohesive, perhaps, but it hangs together sufficiently for the purpose of its existence. When dozens of other musical burlesques of greater elaborateness, and even of greater ability, have faded from one's memory, one will remember "The Gay Parisienne" by virtue of the extraordinarily grotesque bit of character-acting of Miss Louie Freear as the slavey Ruth. What she does is done without apparent effort, and this only heightens the comic effect of her work. The prima-donna of the piece, Miss Ada Reeve, is exceptionally good, and she is well supported by the following cast—

Mr. Ebenezer Honeycomb ...	Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD.
Mrs. Honeycomb	MISS LILLIE BELMORE.
Nora	MISS VIOLET ROBINSON.
Mabel	MISS MARION DOLBY.
Major Fosdyke	MR. W. H. DENNY.
Angela	MISS VIOLET ELLICOTT.
May	MISS EDITH STUART.
Ethel	MISS E. CARLTON.
Gladys	MISS EDITH BARTLETT.
Maud	MISS EDITH MADA.
Edith	MISS ROSE MONTGOMERY.
Violet	MISS IVY HERTZOG.
Rose	MISS MAUD HOPPE.
Amos Dingle	MR. HUBERT WILLIS.
Tom Everleigh	MR. EDGAR STEVENS.
Algernon P. Ducie	MR. JAMES FRANCIS.
Percy Tooting	MR. C. GULLFORD.
Cecil Smyth	MR. P. LESLIE.
Hans	MR. HARRY KILBURN.
Gretchen	MISS HARRIET WOOD.
Anna	MISS EDITH MILTON.
Fritz	MR. GARTH.
Ruth	MISS LOUIE FREEAR.
Blatterwatter	MR. AKERMAN MAY.
M. Auguste Pompier	MR. FRANK WHEELER.
Mdlle. Julie Bon-Bon	MISS ADA REEVE.



AUGUSTE AND JULIE



MABEL (MISS MARION DOLBY).



RUTH (MISS LOUIE FREEAR).



GRETCHEN (MISS HARRIET WOOD).



AUGUSTE AND JULIE.



JULIE AND MR. HONEYCOMB (MR. LIONEL RIGNOLD).



MRS. HONEYCOMB (MISS BELMORE), AUGUSTE, MR. HONEYCOMB, AND MDLLE. JULIE BON-BON.



AUGUSTE, RUTH, MRS. HONEYCOMB, AND MAJOR FOSSDYKE (MR. W. H. DENNY).

*"Always give advice to other people what to do,
But say to other people, when they give advice to you,
Tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, too!"*

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LV.—THE "DAILY MAIL" AND MR. HARMSWORTH.

To call upon a journalist at a time when he is in the throes of the production of an entirely new kind of morning paper is not perhaps the best moment to be received with that amiability and affability with which representatives of *The Sketch* are accustomed to be met.

But when I called upon Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth at his handsome new buildings in Carmelite Street, Embankment, I found that, despite the weight of care in the supervision of several existing daily journalistic ventures and fifteen weekly periodicals, the young editor of one of the new London morning papers, the *Daily Mail*, was not so much perturbed as one would have expected.

"My brothers and I," remarked Mr. Harmsworth, "have been working upon this new venture of ours for eighteen months, off and on, and things are now fairly shipshape. On the whole, the organisation is not of a more difficult nature than that involved in the production of a weekly paper, certainly not so trying as the production of a weekly journal containing no news. The advantage of a daily paper is that the great world itself provides all the items of intelligence, whereas in a weekly periodical one has practically to evolve everything from the imagination of one's staff."

"But, as your *Daily Mail* is to be somewhat a new kind of paper, you must find it difficult to drill your contributors to new ways and methods?"

"Well, as they are mostly young men, it is not so onerous, and the majority of them have been with us some time."

"It is to be a light and amusing journal, I believe?"

"It will certainly be lighter than the ordinary morning paper. We have our own views on this point, and, as you know, they differ considerably from those held by other newspaper-proprietors, the fact being, I suppose, that there is no one public taste—some people like one form of reading, others another."

"I may say at once that the London *Daily Mail* will not enter into competition with any other journal. I hold that, compared with the increase in the public appetite for reading, our newspapers have made very little progress in point of number. One has only to take foreign countries to notice that with us developments in daily journalism have not been so great as in the periodical press. Perhaps we have fewer daily journals because the initial expenses of them are so great. By comparison with the *Times*, the London *Daily Mail* will be a modest little sheet; yet we cannot see our way to success with a less expenditure than £100,000, and, apropos of this particularly personal and pecuniary matter, I may mention that we have sufficient confidence in the venture to retain the whole of the proprietary in our own hands, the only other shareholder in the concern being Mr. Kennedy Jones, who has been so successful in developing our *Evening News*.

"Our politics will be sufficiently broad to please all but the bigots on either side. As to the general trend of political opinion, you can get your own idea when I say that I was once Unionist candidate in a Radical borough. The size of the pages is not, we think, so important as is considered in some quarters. A small-paged daily paper is not at all a new idea, and has never succeeded hitherto. You may perhaps remember the *Daily Continent*, a most enterprising New York daily, in which I forget how many hundreds of thousands of dollars were sunk. I have some copies of it in my journalistic collection. Here is one. You will see that the page is not much larger than that which Mr. Stead proposed. Despite what is thought to be the attractive shape, it did not succeed. I am not of opinion that size affects a journal very much either way. If you have a small-page paper, the reader has all the bother of turning over page after page before he can find the news he wants. If you have a large-page paper, it is not easily handled in the train. We are taking a medium course in the *Daily Mail*. It will not be so large as some of the daily papers, nor so small as Sir George Newnes'. It will not attempt to compete with any paper from the point of mere bulk, or the amount of paper given every day. There will be plenty for the halfpenny, which is more and more becoming a popular price for journals throughout the world. Not more than a certain number of advertisements will be taken daily, and of these I may say that we have already received a number that has pleased us much. The usual size will be six pages, though we can, if necessary, print eight, and shall, no doubt, do so on occasions of pressure."

"Your staff is complete, Mr. Harmsworth?"

"Quite. I do not name them, because I have not permission to do so. Some of them may prefer the old anonymity in journalism, but I may say that they are all young men—some have come straight from the Universities—and they are as active, able, and enterprising a body as I could have wished to get. We shall have more women contributors than is usually the case. We are in for a long fight, no doubt—four or five years, I dare say; but even at the end of five years the eldest among us will be only thirty-five."

I am telling no secret when I mention that Mr. Harmsworth was indirectly referring to himself. I do not think a daily paper has been organised and projected by a man of thirty before.

I gathered that, though the price of the paper is to be only a halfpenny, the news service is to be on a par with that of the leading penny journals. Money will be lavished on cables and telegrams, correspondents have been appointed in all important news centres, and the expenditure in this direction is expected to reach a figure that is not to be contemplated by the ordinary mortal without a feeling of misgiving

as to the result of what appears to be extravagance. Still, as Mr. Harmsworth says, if, in the course of years, he can induce the average reader of London newspapers to add the *Daily Mail* to his reading supply, there can be no doubt that yet another fortune will be added to the Harmsworth coffers.

As to the mechanical arrangements, engines, printing-machines, and other appliances, which have been building for this new venture for the last eighteen months or more, their name is legion, and they have a productive power of a quarter of a million copies an hour, though, as Mr. Harmsworth remarked, he will be quite content if the journal reaches 100,000 a-day during the first year of its existence. Several hundreds of thousands will be printed on Monday, May 4, when the first issue appears.

AN ANIMALS' HOSPITAL.

All lovers of dogs, and, indeed, all those interested in the animal creation generally, will welcome heartily the new Animals' Hospital opened last week in memory of Sir Henry Hawkins's Jack, the well-known judge's dog, a smooth-haired fox-terrier, who, since the day he was given to the popular judge by his friend the late Lord Falmouth, became his lordship's inseparable companion, cheering many weary hours, and ever testifying to his master the intelligence, fidelity, and gratitude which have always seemed the special attributes of man's best friend.

Jack, it seems, was treated some three years ago by Professor Atkinson, of the Animals' Institute, Kinnerton Street. Therefore, it is fitting that the Professor and those of his comrades who have made for years the care of animals their constant thought should be closely associated with the new Animals' Hospital, which, though also situated in Kinnerton Street, where the Professor has long had large and suitable premises for such an undertaking, is placed under entirely new management.

While going over the quaint "wards" of this novel hospital (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), Dr. Mathews, the head veterinary surgeon of the institution, told me some interesting facts about his dumb patients and their idiosyncrasies. "Of course, we expect to receive more dogs, horses, and cats than any other animals," he observed; "but I have occasionally had monkeys and parrots as patients, and Professor Atkinson successfully treated, some years ago, an infant tiger. Few people realise," he continued, "that animals are just as susceptible to disease as are human beings. It is strange indeed that till lately such a city as London, boasting of so many humane and kind-hearted folk, should have been without any institution where animals could be treated gratuitously."

"I suppose most of your past and future patients are fit subjects for an accident ward?"

"Yes; we get a certain number of lame and wounded animals, but really they mostly suffer from much the same diseases as do human beings. We have at present a beautiful cat laid low with influenza; and, of course, dogs are treated for every kind of heart- and skin-affection. Bronchitis is also very common, and not a few cats fall victims to pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs."

"And which breed of dogs do you consider the most delicate?"

"Toys, undoubtedly," he replied. "I expect we shall have to treat a great number of the smaller varieties. They are the most pampered dogs, and soon get out of sorts. You must remember that we have a certain number of paying patients."

"No, the work is far from unpleasant; on the contrary, it is often deeply interesting. Dogs make such good patients; they seem to thoroughly understand what one is trying to do for them, and they are deeply grateful for any kindness shown to them. The same is more or less true of cats. Some time ago we had a very valuable pussy here, a Siamese cat, the only survivor of four, who had together cost four hundred and fifty guineas."

"And do you ever find it necessary to place your patients under the influence of anæsthetics?"

"Certainly; we rarely perform an operation without first putting the creature to sleep. This is what we draw horses' teeth with," and the Doctor showed me a gruesome-looking instrument, not unlike a pair of tongs in shape and general construction. "We often inject cocaine locally, especially when the operation about to be performed deals with the eye. But, as I said just now, our charges, especially the dogs, are wonderfully patient and good, and some of them are brought here in a sad state, suffering from terrible wounds, and also not unfrequently from poisoning. I need hardly tell you that, in the latter case, promptitude is all-important; indeed, it would be well if people brought us their pets as soon as the accident has occurred, or when the disease first declares itself. It is little use waiting till all home remedies have failed."

"By the way, I should like to point out," he added earnestly, "that we are totally opposed to vivisection in any shape. Professor Atkinson feels very strongly on the matter, the more so that he considers, as a result of his long observation, that animals are often far more sensitive to pain and suffering than are human beings. When there is nothing else to be done for the relief or cure of one of our dumb patients, it is quietly placed in the lethal chamber, and in a few minutes all is over."

Already the Animals' Hospital has a fair number of inmates, each and all looking well cared for, and more cheerful than is often warranted by their condition. As the doctor comes towards them, they wag their tails or purr, as the case may be, and show every sign of confidence in their physician.



MDLLE. JUNIORI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE SQUIRE."*

"The Squire" may be recommended to readers who are heart-sick of a course of current novels that seem to take them through the wards of a hospital in the company of a clinical lecturer, who describes each case, its cause, and its course with scientific skill, relish, and accuracy. After a sojourn in so depressing an atmosphere and environment, you begin to think the whole world a hospital, and all its men and women merely patients. The only effective antidote is an escape into fresh air and wholesome company, and scenes so bright and varied as to make you wonder—

How the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought.

This healthy change of air, scene, company, and philosophy you get in "The Squire," which has all the simple charm of the old farmhouse where its scene, for the most part, is laid. Like it, the tale is old-fashioned certainly, and rather rambling—straggling in a leisurely way over a good deal of ground; but it is like it also in its quaintness, picturesqueness, simplicity, and sweetness. It begins with the grandparents of the hero and heroine, passes on, but without disrespectful haste, to their parents, and you are well through two-thirds of the book before the young people come to the front. But then the author has, in Horatian phrase, to date her tale of Troy from the eggs of Leda, because the love of the grandchildren is crossed owing to a cross in the love of the hero's uncle through the treachery of the heroine's father. The uncle, Humphrey Royston, "the Squire," was not born to this greatness, but had it thrust upon him through the death of his elder brother. This accident revolutionised the worldly prospects of Humphrey, who had been turned adrift by his father because he declined to take orders. In these days of disgrace and destitution Humphrey had but two friends, both doctors, one the playmate of his boyhood and his sister's fiancé, Robert Croft, and the other, Dr. Hall, the father of a girl Humphrey hoped to make his own fiancée. Robert Croft, however, drifts into the double treachery of jilting Humphrey's sister and of winning, without loving, the girl his friend had hoped to win. Thus Humphrey, at the moment worldly fortune smiled upon him, found himself bankrupt in love, in friendship, in his faith in human nature, and in happiness. His nature is soured, so far as so noble a nature could be soured, against the world in general, the sex in particular, but especially against the daughter of his lost love and of his treacherous friend. To the reader, however, naturally enough, Robert Croft does not seem the monster of treachery that he appeared to his betrayed friend. When Humphrey had but one other friend in the world, Robert Croft had shared with him all he possessed; while it was rather through weakness than through wickedness that he drifted into jilting Humphrey's sister and marrying the girl "the Squire" had hoped to marry. This weakness, which caused his treachery, brought about its punishment, since Robert found but little happiness with the woman he had married solely from worldly motives, and only misery with her successor, who married him from worldly motives solely. His first wife died in her confinement, magnanimously desiring with her last breath that the child which cost her life should be called "Barbara," after her jilted rival, Humphrey's sister. Thus the heroine's greatest misfortune dated from her birth, when she lost such a mother; while this loss made way for her second and her third affliction—her father's second marriage, and his death. The lady whom Robert Croft made his second wife—an admirably drawn character—was to him precisely what Rosamund was to that other doctor, Lydgate, in "Middlemarch," "his basil plant, the plant that had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains." Overwork and the worry of debt, due to her selfish extravagance, simply killed him,

and Barbara is thus left, in her impressionable years, to the care of an arrant campaigner. This second Mrs. Croft, however, is so repellently, though unconsciously, brutal in her selfishness that Barbara's pride alone must have preserved her from falling into her ways or falling in with her schemes. The agony of this good lady when her mother was dying—about her mourning; her emotion after her mother's death—about the sum bequeathed to her; and her indignation at Barbara's suggestion that part of it should be devoted to paying their debts, are delightful: "Well, if that is not cool, really, Barbara, I should like to know what is? You expect, then, that I am going to take the small savings that poor, dear mama made for me, and pay off a paltry loan to your father's brother! *You do* astonish me. Why, I should expect to see poor mama rise up out of her grave; and no wonder! I'm sure it's what I should do." This canny campaigner carries Barbara from watering-place to watering-place, as a Scotch pedlar carries his pack, to display and dispose of her to the utmost advantage. The effect upon the girl of being so transparently and persistently offered for sale is, of course, to ice her

manner towards every eligible suitor, and only one admirer is sufficiently pertinacious to continue the hopeless pursuit. This young gentleman, who recalls continually Harry Foker, is not as humorous as his prototype. He quotes Garrick—and misquotes him—as Shakspeare, imagines Timon to be a synonym for a misogynist, and expresses himself thus to the lady he succeeds in winning—fortunately, not Barbara: "We are drawn together by the inevitable laws of affinity which influence those who scintillate in juxtaposition." However, Barbara escapes at last from the campaigner, and finds a home with her father's mother and brother. Her uncle is the aptest illustration conceivable of Machiavelli's cynical saying that "the Christian faith gives up good men in prey to the selfish and the wicked." David Croft is the impersonation of the Sermon on the Mount, and is for ever offering his cloak to robbers and his cheek to smiters—not in vain. It was difficult to make such a character altogether lovable, and not merely a little lovable and a little contemptible; yet Mrs. Parr has certainly succeeded in keeping David's goodness from degenerating into goodness. She has been even more—far more—successful in her portrait of his mother—Barbara's grandmother—who is so lifelike as to suggest that she must have been drawn direct from life. No one smites poor David so continually or mercilessly on both cheeks as his mother; but she explains her "cussedness" in the most natural way in the world.

"The dread of age is the knowing that you ain't held for what you once were, that the reins is slipping from your hands. Battling with David is the last thing left to prove I'm missis here." While under her roof Barbara meets the hero, and loves and is loved at first sight. Of the hero there is nothing to say but that he was the son of the jilted Barbara, who married a clergyman, and died of some infectious disease, to which her husband also succumbed, leaving their orphan boy to the charge of "the Squire." He is the most exemplary of adopted sons, and is rewarded for his devotion to "the Squire" by the hand of the forgiven Barbara.

Mrs. Parr, it may be interesting to note, is the daughter of an officer in the Royal Navy, and spent the early part of her life in Plymouth. Her first story, "How It All Happened," appeared in *Good Words* in its early days, and was at once reproduced in the *Journal des Débats*. The names of her other books are "The Glovemakers Daughter," "Robin," "Loyalty George," "The Prescotts," and "Adam and Eve." Mrs. Parr lives with her husband in one of the fine old houses in Kensington where Sir David Wilkie painted "Distraint for Rent." She has long been accumulating material for a history of this charming region.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

* "The Squire." By Mrs. Parr. London: Cassell and Co.



MRS. PARR.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MRS. DE ROHAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE, REGENT STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The controversy concerning the English stage, doubtful as its present state is, has at least brought out one conclusion that is pretty generally accepted. The present system or tradition of first-nights is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished. The first-night audience has come to be a thing apart and by itself. It is not composed of the genuine paying public, that makes or mars the piece by its spontaneous approval or abstention; it is a collection of men and women such as is found, in London at least, in much the same composition at every first-night of every piece, and at no other time. Its likings and dislikings are not those of the *clientèle* that must support the piece; it may approve of what the paying public cannot be driven to like; it may condemn what the dumb multitude would see with delight; and yet its verdict stands a fair chance of being regarded as final.

Who are our first-nighters? There are the critics *de rigueur*, excellent men as far as honesty goes, but prone to be led away either by their own preconceived theories or the expressed opinions of the other first-nighters. Critics are as bad an audience as an actor can wish for, not because they are unfair, but because they have come not to enjoy, but to analyse and reproduce. They are *blasés*, naturally; they have seen all English pieces, and read or even adapted many French and German and Norwegian plays. The touch of pathos that takes the guileless pittance on the average night is cheap claptrap to the weary critic lounging in his stall. Some of our youngest critics have even developed so profound a conviction of their own superiority as to refuse to give any account whatever of a piece that does not come up to their own standard. Such a critic does not seem to realise that he is practically cheating the management out of half-a-guinea by occupying a stall and not doing the work for which the stall was given to him. And some, who are less arrogant than this, are loud in their complaints of being dragged to a theatre to see some inferior work. Well, that is a matter for themselves and their editors. Why treat their own choice of a profession or occupation as an injury to be revenged on the play?

The critic is a bad member of an audience, first, because he is necessarily hard to move, and secondly, because when he is moved he is, as a rule, too busy to show it. Nothing could be conceived more absolutely crushing to an actor than to see part of his audience busy reading newspapers, and it is depressing, though in a less degree, to see and know that a considerable number are writing newspapers. Then, besides the critics, there are the "professional" first-nighters, the managers, acting-managers, and principal actors and actresses of other and perhaps rival theatres, who happen to be free to come. A worse audience than this it would be impossible to conceive. It is either over-friendly with the compassionate applause that is so galling to a self-respecting man, or secretly unfriendly. There are managers to whom all successes, even in a line of business opposed to their own, are bitter as gall. They smile with wry mouths on a success, and applaud with condescending pity at a failure.

Then come the pit and gallery. The first-night pit and gallery are universally dreaded in "the profession." It is for fear of them that every line that could possibly be twisted into a questionable meaning, or an allusion to the play, is struck out or altered. Their scent for a word that can be wilfully misunderstood is abnormal. Even in a successful piece, going well and strong, a heroine who remarked, "Father, I am very weary," might, and probably would, evoke the stentorian response from the gallery, "So are we!" with what results to her nerves and the piece may be easily gauged. There seems to be a number of pit and gallery people who are as habitual attendants at a first-night as the critics, and are even harder to please—and, if not pleased, are willing and even anxious to wreck the piece. They will butcher a play to make their little Bank Holiday.

This dangerous element of the "gallery-guyers" is what the manager dreads. It is irresponsible; it has no newspaper-editor to pull it up for obvious unfairness; it does not represent the habitual pittance and gallerian; and it is not kept quiet by having to write its notices. And, while it is subject to no laws, it can give the critic his bias and make him mislead the real public, as the spurious public has misled him. To most pieces comes the critical moment, the weak point, when the fortune of the scene hangs in the balance. Mr. Jones's "Masqueraders," as a play, was made by the famous card-scene. Suppose some trivial accident had occurred, and a few ardent spirits in the gallery had shouted some obvious, funny remark about a misdeal! The actors, nervous and strained, might have faltered, the great scene have fallen flat, and a good number of critics would have said that the astute British public could not be taken in by such obvious claptrap.

It is matter of common knowledge among the initiated that this exceptional danger has been guarded against by exceptional means. The *claque* is a recognised precaution at some theatres on first-nights—and even after. Thus a mercenary friendliness is substituted for the abnormally exacting attitude of the common first-nighter, and the critics and the real public are misled in the other direction. But *claque*

begets *anti-claque*, and it is as easy to send in a dozen to hoot as two dozen to clap. The brilliantly successful piece is safe from such machinations; but the dubious fortune of the average play can be decided, as far as a first-night is concerned, by an adroit shove at the right minute.

Some years ago I was at a first-night of a piece—one of those pieces that trembles on the verge of success, with its strong points and its obvious weaknesses. The last act was hanging fire a bit, as last acts are apt to do. The friendly audience was beginning to be weary. At one point of the piece the lights were lowered on the stage. It was a moment when the piece was neither bad nor good; but the momentary darkness was the signal for a burst of hoots from one point in the pit. The actors were unnerved, the good points still to come passed unnoticed, and the verdict was unfavourable. I was told afterwards, by one who should know, that these arbiters of the theatre were hired by someone who had a grievance against the management; the firm supplying them and the sum paid were mentioned as well known.

It is fear of this that makes the most popular and efficient managers nervous about their first-nights. Yet it is easier to indicate the danger than to find the remedy. The trouble is that our first-night audience does not represent the real constituency of paying playgoers, and is liable to be swayed by all sorts of outside interests and influences to which the real public is profoundly indifferent. It has come to be an irresponsible aristocracy. Why should there not be two first-nights—one the society function and the other the real performance? Or, why should not some patriotic manager, sacrificing himself for the common good, arrange to "bring the house down" by letting his roof fall in on the first-night Philistines, like Samson?

MARMITON.

A PRETTY STORY.

In "Loveday; a Tale of a Stirring Time" (Cassell), Miss A. E. Wickham has written an intensely readable story, especially to those who know and love Cornwall. To those who do not, it may serve as an introduction to that land of strange delights. Miss Wickham's method of telling a story is quiet, simple, and straightforward. There is no waste of words, but every sentence tells, and the characters are so real that the reader is insensibly drawn on until he cannot put the book down before he has learned the fate of Loveday and her strange companions. Miss Wickham gives us an admirably drawn picture of a well-to-do Cornish farmhouse, the stalwart young farmer, Hugh Penrose, his fond and foolish widowed mother, the old maid-servant Abigail, who rules everyone with a rod of iron, and a background of farm-labourers and milk-maids, old polished tables, wide fireplaces, sunny window-seats, and solid creature-comforts. To this Eden Hugh brings a fine old gentleman, his daughter Sophia, and his niece Loveday, whom he has rescued, the sole survivors, from a shipwreck on that ironbound coast. The young ladies are charming, and so is the old gentleman, in his way, as Mrs. Penrose finds. Whether the old gentleman is really, as he says, Sir James Macdonald, of Dramossie Castle, it would not be fair to Miss Wickham to tell. Loveday's instant love for Hugh is cleverly indicated rather than told right out, and the gradual dawning of Hugh's answering affection is also excellently portrayed. Sir James Macdonald is, in a sense, the central figure of the book. The action of the story is laid in the time when men were hanged for forgery, and, though Miss Wickham does not say so, when Cornish parsons prayed for wrecks in their churches, and to no prayers did their flocks respond with more fervent *Amens*. Macdonald's very selfishness is winning. Miss Wickham has succeeded in displaying the charm of his personality, and the reader sympathises heartily with his lively interest in smuggling and wrecking. Much of the story is told in the pleasantest possible way, namely, in dialogue, and Miss Wickham is fairly successful with the quaint Cornish speech, though she obviously has not the profound knowledge of it which Mr. Quiller Couch possesses. Still, from every point of view, "Loveday" is a capital story, told by one who is evidently a practised writer.



MISS A. E. WICKHAM.

Photo by W. H. Puddicombe, Bideford.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The exhibition at the Guildhall of "works in water-colour of the British school" is one which nobody who has the slightest care about significant and historical information should dream of avoiding. By this verdict we by no means wish to imply that here all is perfection, that every example "in water-colour of the British school" is excessively noble or excessively artistic; on the contrary, there is more in the

the one possible fault to find—and we certainly should not have found that fault if it had not been for the perfection of the "Paolo and Francesca"—is that here the sentiment of the subject, as we have described it, a little overbalances the merely technical and obvious qualities of colour and modelling. Still, about the extreme loveliness of the work there cannot really be two opinions.



BLINDED BY LOVE.—MRS. H. M. STANLEY.
EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.

exhibition this year to which one can conscientiously object on artistic grounds than there has been before in any other Guildhall exhibition; but, at the same time, there is more also to instruct, to suggest comparisons, to indicate the changes of generations, than we have before noted in any single show at the Guildhall.

Let us begin with the best, and we have no hesitation in assigning that place to the exquisite Rossettis which, in a new sense, throw everything near them into the shade; they make their surroundings look grey and envious. Take, for example, the "Paolo and Francesca di Rimini." What could be more splendid and gorgeous than this combination of what a most articulate critic has well described as "a lovely dream of rich, low, palpitating colour"? Yet it is even more than that; it has the perfect sentiment of its subject; it is worthy of Dante. Only a little less beautiful is "The Lady Lilith," in which

The Turners are not altogether satisfactory, and this chiefly for the melancholy reason that they show sad signs of wear and tear. The "Tivoli," for example, which, indeed, so far as we may judge now, should never have been regarded as a work of stupendous merit, has become, by the processes of the years, so faded and so thin that it can scarcely be taken seriously at all. On the other hand, "Chryses worshipping the Sun," by the same artist, although it, too, has changed under the finger of Time, is still an undoubtedly beautiful work, beautifully coloured, and singularly noble in its vision.

There are some Whistlers here also; pretty, equipoised, and—as ever with this artist—transformed, as it were, by a delicately novel and individual point of view. They are not great—we do not suppose that even the author of "Ten o'Clock" would claim so much for them—but they entirely satisfy the intention of the artist; and, after all, if your

intention is a small one, you do not wish for a historical success; if you write a "Lycidas," you do not expect the world to lavish the attention on it due to a "Paradise Lost," yet "Lycidas" remains a very perfect work of art. Here, too, is a magnificent David Cox, a water-scene of "Bettws-y-Coed," in which the landscape is treated almost with a

Mr. William Stott of Oldham, as for sufficiently personal reasons this particular Mr. William Stott likes to call himself, is so well known, appreciated, and admired for the admirable work which he publishes to the world at the Academy, the Salon, and elsewhere, that we are glad to note the collection of oils, pastels, and water-colours, numbering about fifty in all, by this artist, now on view at the Goupil Gallery. It is, if we recollect aright, the first time that we have seen Mr. Stott's work gathered together in any representative sense, and we will say that the experiment is entirely successful. Mr. Stott is a lover of Nature in no ordinary sense of the term; he is a seer of Nature in a peculiar and individual aspect, just as Corot was a seer, just as in another branch of art Wordsworth was a seer. Moreover, Mr. Stott combines with his gifts of vision an extremely powerful technical mastery over the art of his choice—a combination which sets him among the most poetical of all living English painters.

In the earlier works here exhibited there will be found a more solid and heavy manner of painting than in the later and more finely imaginative works. "October Morning," for example, beautiful as it is, with its silver atmosphere and its lovely colour, has a much heavier effect than the later "Endymion," in which the "vision and the faculty divine" seem to have entered into a rarer and more spiritual phase of existence. In this later work—we may mention, in passing, "The Eiger" and "Venus"—there is a sentiment of perfect peacefulness, and a profound depth of tranquillity which amounts almost to a philosophy. Then, again, Mr. Stott stands exceptional among English artists in his artistic knowledge and power of relating each part of his picture to the whole canvas. You cannot cut a square foot out of any among his pictures and sell it as a separate work, as, to speak with all seriousness, you can with most of the British landscapes that are yearly addressed to the walls of the Academy. For Mr. Stott has a very fine artistic ideal, and, what is more, he is able to fulfil it.

A very impressive and interesting picture by Jan Gustav Jacquet is now on view at the St. George's Gallery. It is called "Joan of Arc praying for France," and is one of the finest works of this now famous genre and portrait painter, who is one of Bouguereau's most celebrated pupils, for there is a strength and charm as well as delicacy about his pictures that are seldom found. M. Jacquet has not yet completed his half-century, and since 1868 he has been the constant recipient of all kinds of honours and medals, receiving his Legion of Honour in 1878, the same year in which the picture now on view was painted.



ELLEN.—P. HELLEU.

Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

Velazquez-like sense of impressionism. Here, too, you will encounter Ford Madox Brown, Sir John Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Holman Hunt, Sir J. Linton, and the much-praised Fred Walker, whose "In an Orchard," we beg leave to state, is a singularly beautiful and serene bit of work. All these artists help to make an exhibition which, if not faultless, at all events is very remarkable for a thousand reasons, one of which is its essential and intrinsic excellence.

The fact is that the City is beginning to rival the marts of Bond Street as a repository of art. Messrs. Artemus Tooth and Co. have opened a most interesting little gallery in Queen Victoria Street, where Constable, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Israels, Henry Moore, and Mr. Birket Foster foregather merrily together. Mr. Foster's water-colours are, for the most part, concerned with Thames scenery, and very pretty and seductive they are. Then, again, Messrs. Gladwell and Co., of Fenchurch Street, have also on view a pleasant little show, including Mr. Robert Gibbs's "Saving the Colours." The City will shortly be quite a home of art; even Whitechapel has its excellent exhibitions now.

We reproduce Mrs. H. M. Stanley's very charming picture, "Blinded by Love," a little piece of realistic allegory which explains itself without difficulty. Cupid, the centre of a lovely landscape, full of sedge and water, and dim, mysterious trees, stands behind a seated lady, whose eyes he is bandaging with a cloth. The composition of the figures is extremely elegant, and the trees have even a Corot-like suggestiveness.

We also reproduce a small etching, exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers by M. Helleu, of a fair little girl, bonneted and standing demurely, almost full-face, and gazing a little beyond the spectator. Every detail of the hair and headgear, of the delicate and vital arm, of the charming face, is worked out with a perfect sense of proportion and artistic accuracy; the massing of the hair and the dim but not uncertain lines of the body are treated with a wonderful appreciation of the relation of part to part. It is certainly a beautiful little composition.



JOAN OF ARC PRAYING FOR FRANCE.—JAN GUSTAV JACQUET.

Exhibited at the St. George's Gallery.

AUSTRALIA'S ONLY SCULPTOR.

Mr. E. Bertram Mackennal is Australia's only sculptor. He is a native of Melbourne, and is about thirty-two years of age. He early developed a taste for drawing, and had good opportunity for cultivating the artistic taste, as his father is a sculptor.

"I think" (he told a *Sketch* representative) "the first true bent was given to my studies by my father's insight. He compelled me for years to study form by drawing before touching the clay. I entered the Royal Academy when I was nineteen, but, not caring for the method of study, left for Paris, and there for the first time began to really enjoy my art. I visited Rome and Florence later, and worked awhile in the former. Finding that Italy was living on her treasures of the past, with no strong modern men, I returned to London, and worked here for a couple of years before again visiting Paris, from whence I left for my native land."

"What were the results of your visit? Were you struck with any special development in the antipodean world of art?"

"Yes; I thought the young group of painters, with Arthur Streeton at their head, were very strong, and were producing true pictures of their own land. Their style was not distinct from the painters of Europe, but they had absorbed a new atmosphere and produced it on canvas. I feel sure that Australia will always produce strong artists and lovers of nature, owing to the outdoor life and the immensity of their uncultivated country, where an artist is more with nature than man. One thing which was a constant annoyance was to see the private picture-buyers rushing after third-rate European art when they had such good men of their own, especially in landscape."

"What of your next visit to Paris, of 'Circe,' and your other works, and their acceptance and appreciation in Paris and London?"

"In 1892 I took up the thread of my Parisian life again with great delight. Having only three months for work, I sent in two reliefs, which were well hung, one being purchased by Lady Clarke, wife of the Australian baronet, who has always taken a kindly interest in my work. At the next Salon (Champs Elysées) I produced my statue of 'Circe,' which gained me 'Mention Honorable' and very encouraging criticism, and the following year, at the Royal Academy, I was equally successful with this work. Last year my group of 'The Foolish Woman' was well placed at the Royal Academy, and in the Salon I exhibited a head of Sarah Bernhardt and a relief called 'Silence,' which has been sold several times in London."

"Madame Bernhardt, whom you met in Australia, is said to have given you special encouragement. How did the great tragédienne impress you as an artist?"

"Madame's judgment on art has been gained through the proper form—working at sculpture herself. I have seen some extremely fine work by her hand in her studio at Paris, where she constantly receives the greatest artists. Her great intelligence and love for art make her praise doubly dear to an artist. She is absolutely untrammelled by convention in her judgment; and a word of praise from her, of which she is not lavish, is very great encouragement. I don't think many people know that she received 'Mention Honorable' at the Salon for a group half-life size."

"The success of your sculpture has, in a great measure, been attributed to your fine appreciation of the value of colour. Is it so?"

"I am very fond of colour, and try to see form through colour, the treatment of a fair or dark person being different. You can imagine one could not treat a blue-eyed blonde the same as a brown-eyed brunette, and, naturally, one tries to give an impression of colour. But this is nothing new. The fifteenth-century artists understood it so greatly that I place them above all. The more one studies their work the more keen the delight becomes. This is perfectly understood by the greatest sculptors in France and England, though they have different ways of expressing it—M. Rodin in Paris, for instance, and Alfred Gilbert in London. Gilbert is wonderful."

"How do you feel as to the relative appreciation of sculpture and painting at the present day?"

"I don't think sculpture will ever be appreciated in the same way as painting. Sculpture appeals to a cultivated few, and is a pure cult, whereas painting always appeals to the mass, because of the colour, since colour, like music, is understood by all classes. I don't mean the highest form of either, but colour is closely allied to sound, and some colour may be truly said to yell. Looking back on the peoples of the world, you will find, at their highest point of development, that sculpture reached its position of the higher art. The most barbarous natives, who have no true sense of form, from their earliest beginnings loved colour."

"Do you recognise any very important points of difference between the art-workers of London and Paris?"

"I don't think so. Art is cosmic, and I think the great men of each country are closely allied. There are racial differences of treatment, and more sentiment among the English. The love of form is more highly developed in the French, as I know they are more appreciative of sculpture than the English."

"Have you any work in hand for the next Academy, may I ask?"

"Yes, I am sending two busts, a centre-piece in silver, and a statuette called 'Salome.' I hope to send a bust of Miss Marie Tempest and a couple of statuettes to the New Gallery."

"I saw it mentioned some time ago that you are about to publish a volume of poems. Are you?"

"Oh dear, no; that was a rather free translation of a French criticism to the effect that I am 'a poet as well as a sculptor.' Unfortunately, though, my powers are limited. Still, I do think an artist could earn a right to the name of poet through his own work and without versifying."

"I notice a bicycle in the corridor. You are a wheelman too?"

"Yes; Mrs. Mackennal and I hope to cycle through France in the early summer."

"May I take your cup?" asked a splendidly grown child of ten years. And through the coming of Rita, sole daughter of the sculptor's house and heart, the interviewer is led to inspect some drawings which prove that the child has in a most remarkable degree inherited the artistic qualities of her father.



CIRCE.—BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

"DR. CONGALTON'S LEGACY."*

If a continuance of the boom in Scots novels were to be looked for, knowledge of the dialect ought to be held as indispensable as football to a

liberal education. It would not, however, be to the advantage of the average Scots novel that its dialect should be as intelligible as the reader's vernacular, since most of its humour lies in the dialect itself. There is something droll, no doubt, in the paint which disguises and disfigures a clown's face, but, if pickle-herring's humour ended there, he would be hissed out of the ring. Now, in Mr. Henry Johnston's book, "Dr. Congalton's Legacy," there are stories introduced episodically, and solely on account of their exquisite humour—such stories, for instance, as that of the capture of a salmon, or that of the farmer's request to the minister to baptise his child—which, translated into bald English, are as humorous as Bob Allen's "Mr. Deputy Humphreys" joke in "Elia." There is, however, one good story of this episodic kind, that of Habbie Steenston's answer to the minister's suggestion that Habbie should devote the money he spent on tobacco to the payment of his pew-rent: "But ye forget, sir, I get some guid o' my smoking." Habbie himself, I need hardly say, had not the faintest idea of the smartness of his retort. The story itself, apart from its humorous episodes, is interesting, if not exciting, and gives Mr. Johnston full scope for his masterly studies of Scots life and character.

* "Dr. Congalton's Legacy. A Chronicle of North Country Byways." By Henry Johnston. London: Methuen and Co.



THE 10th (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS, REVIEW ORDER, 1896.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE 10th (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN) REGIMENT OF LIGHT DRAGOONS, 1793.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

MISS CECIL CROMWELL.

Miss Cecil Cromwell, the young lady who is now touring triumphantly as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," was a leading amateur in the Anomalies Amateur Dramatic Club, Norwood, a club of which, strangely enough, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the original Paula, was also formerly a member. With the "Anomalies" Miss Cromwell played the varied rôles of Gwendolen Pettigrew in "The Parvenu," Georgiana Tidman in "Dandy Dick," Mrs. Dick Chetwyn in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," Clotilde in "The Monk's Room," Clara Dexter in "Woodbarrow Farm," Alma Blake



MISS CECIL CROMWELL.

Photo by Chalkley, Gould, and Co., Southampton.

in "The Silver Shield," Beatrice Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise," Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," and was rehearsing the part of Zieka, in "Diplomacy," when her chance came.

Miss Cromwell, being very anxious to go on the stage, gladly availed herself of the offer of a friend to introduce her to Mr. George Alexander. When, however, she found herself in the presence of the manager, such an attack of stage-fright—off the boards—overwhelmed her that, when questioned as to what characters she had already impersonated, she was positively unable to frame a reply. Mr. Alexander, however, took pity on her plight, and, to quote Miss Cromwell's own words, was "so charming and reassuring that he soon put her at her ease," and she was able, after all, to answer his queries with coherence.

Soon after this, to her, memorable interview, the young actress received a telegram from Mr. Alexander asking her to call on him, and the part of Paula was offered to Miss Cromwell if she could read it to Mr. Alexander's satisfaction. It is easy to imagine with what nervous anxiety the rôle of the unhappy Mrs. Tanqueray was studied; but the results justified all expectation, for when Miss Cromwell essayed to read the part, a little later, Mr. Alexander stopped her when half-way through, and engaged her to play Paula on tour till May, 1896. The tour started at Yarmouth on Aug. 19 last. Modesty kept the young actress back from making a parade of her triumphs, but her last words to a *Sketch* representative were a pæan of praise for Mr. George Alexander, who seems to have given unique satisfaction to every member of the companies under his control. "Whatever my future career, professional or otherwise, I shall never forget Mr. Alexander's great kindness, consideration, and encouragement to me, a raw amateur," said Miss Cromwell heartily; but it is safe to assume that in this charming exponent of Paula Mr. Alexander saw traces of histrionic talent of which the young aspirant was not herself aware, and to which she owed so favourable an engagement at the outset of her theatrical career.

"Cecil Cromwell," it may be added, is only the professional name of this charming young lady, who is the first member of her family to go on the stage. Her father was an Englishman, a captain in the Royal Navy, and, during her childhood, Miss Cromwell and her mother, a Bostonian lady, stayed in many parts of the world, always accompanying the father, if possible. Since his death, however, they have made their home in Upper Norwood, close to the Crystal Palace. Singing was contemplated by the young actress as a profession, for which purpose she attended the Guildhall School of Music, and she studied elocution under the late Mr. Alfred Nelson, who foretold a brilliant future for her if she ever adopted the profession. Miss Cromwell, however, coming reluctantly to the conclusion that her voice was not sufficiently powerful, abandoned the idea of taking up music as a career.

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW.

Sir James Mathew is admired rather than beloved by the Bar: he is admired because it is well known that he has great learning and much common sense, qualities not often found together in our puisne judges, or even in the Court of Appeal. With the junior Bar he is unpopular, because he is believed to be the instigator of all modern efforts at rendering law cheap and quick—efforts which consist in dispensing with pleadings and the interlocutory proceedings by which many a "two guas" is earned. Probably his schemes, by rendering law attractive, would increase litigation, and the Bar would gain in the end; in the middle, however, the process is unpleasant.

Sir James is a fearful iconoclast, and bewilders young barristers by his irregular mode of trying actions. Often, before the plaintiff's case is half opened, the judge has begun heckling the defendant's counsel with a view of pinning him down to the one true line of defence. The man who hopes to get through on three points, not one of them quite strong enough for success alone, soon finds the game hopeless. For pleadings his lordship has a profound contempt, and many a pretty defence, full of "alternatively" and other juggling words, artfully employed to conceal the truth, is put aside by him almost unread. His lordship's method is amazingly swift, and he gets through his list very fast; indeed, when, a little while ago, he sat as a Chancery judge, he cleared off the arrears in a startling fashion, and quite upset the calculations of Lincoln's Inn.

Except in the use of sledge-hammer questions to smash up a case, Sir James is a silent judge, and from this come both joy and sorrow—joy, because it is very hard to hear what he says; sorrow, since one cannot tell what is passing in his mind, and, consequently, he sometimes decides on points unargued, a course that leads to appeals not always unsuccessful. His hobby is the trial of commercial cases, and lately he has had a hand in inventing a Commercial Court, and a peculiar procedure for it. No one can deny the value of the invention, and it will be found that commercial cases can be tried more quickly and wisely than by the lay tribunals called into existence by the law's delay.

Sir James Mathew is an Irishman, and deeply devoted to the land of his birth, where he spends his Vacations. He is a Home Ruler, and it will be remembered that when he presided over the Evicted Tenants Commission he was the subject of a bitter attack in Court, which delighted Conservative politicians, but hardly pleased the Bar. Sir James has a lively wit, and the best of the judicial jokes are made by him in a sepulchral whisper: his most famous *bon mot* is the "truth will out even in an affidavit." Fortunately, however, he preserves his dignity and that of his Court by not making the obvious jokes in which some judges indulge. He has a merry eye that gives charm to a prodigiously wise-looking countenance, and he is almost as wise as he looks. He passed straight from stuff gown to Bench, and, in consequence, is not such a great respecter of Q.C.'s as some of his brethren. In fact, he will listen to the humblest junior who has anything to say, and turn a very deaf ear to the big-wig who talks for the sake of airing his voice and giving his client "a run for his money." It would be well if we had a few more judges of the Mathew pattern.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

VI.—URBS IN RURE.

What good Fairy made me meet
You, on dainty little feet,
Walking through the waving wheat—
Alone, too?
When you started with surprise,
Looking at me with *those* eyes,
What I felt would not be wise
To own to.

You were angry that I came,
I, who knew your ball-room fame,
And was sure your very name
Was town-bred;
Yet in sooth 'twas hardly fair,
For I surely didn't stare
At your love of country air
And brown bread.

Life in Arcady on farms
Has its simple rustic charms,
But sun-burning on the arms
Long tarries;
That is why I was so glad
When I saw you closely clad
In a gown you must have had
From Paris.

GILBERT BURGESS.



MR. JUSTICE MATHEW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

Photographs by Gregory, Strand.

The long-expected movement for the recovery of Egyptian influence and authority over the Soudan has at last been determined upon, and already "the troops of his Highness the Khedive," under the command of Sirdar Sir H. H. Kitchener, are far on their way to Dongola. The native troops are not now what they were fifteen years ago. In the days of Arabi

battle. The Soudanese, on the contrary, are brave and fearless. For them the rattle of musketry and boom of cannon make sweet music, and, under the excitement of conflict, their onrush is almost irresistible. The fellaheen regiments are all raised by conscription, the black troops partly by conscription and partly voluntary. Recruits serve three years with the colours, and then may return to their villages, but are liable any time to be called up for active service. Of course, where possible, the fellaheen evade the military service, and will resort to any device for the purpose of being pronounced unfit by the medical authorities, not



and Tel-el-Kebir and Khartoum they inspired everybody with contempt. However, with the British occupation the old order of things gave way. The reorganisation of the Egyptian Army was at once begun. British officers were appointed to the various regiments, and given supreme command. Dépôts for military instruction were established at Cairo, Abbasyieh, and other places, the methods of recruiting were quickened, the dress and other equipment improved, and discipline and responsibility introduced where confusion and do-as-you-please hitherto reigned. The improvement thus effected in the fighting powers of the men was shown in the operations against Osman Digna in 1891.

The Army at present numbers over 17,000 of all ranks. It consists of 14 battalions of infantry, 4 batteries of artillery, 10 troops of cavalry, a camel corps of about 500, and an army medical corps. It has 18 field-guns, 132 guns of position, 4 Maxims, rockets, and nearly 5000 horses, mules, and camels.

About two-thirds of the army is made up of the swarthy fellaheen and one-third of the black Soudanese and Berberines. The fellaheen are tall and lithe-limbed, and, after proper instruction, look very smart and soldierly. They are faint-hearted, however, and dread the roar of the

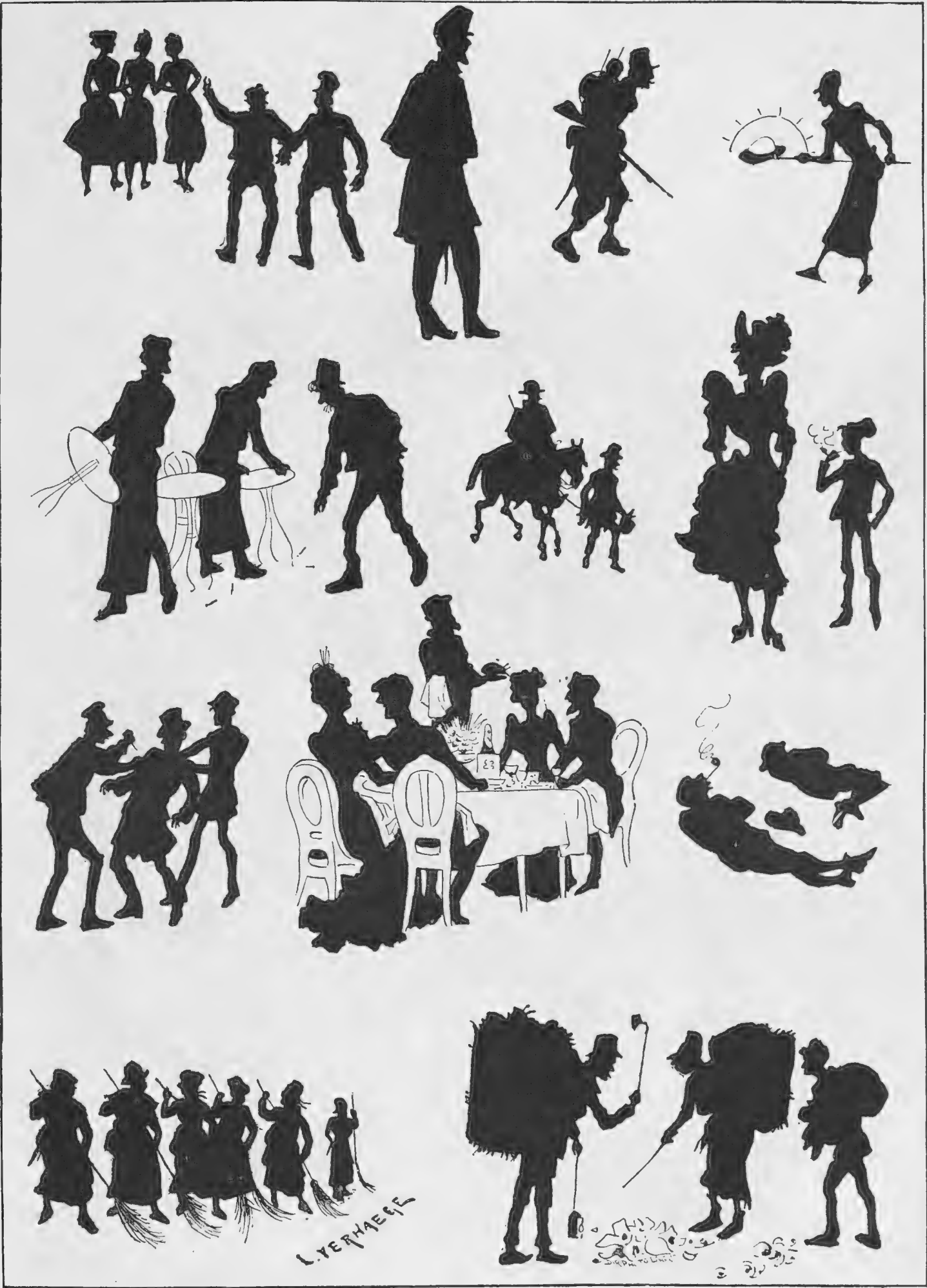
stopping short even of self-mutilation. British inspectors of recruiting, however, have now been appointed, and, as a result, the Sheikhs are more vigilant than before in sending to headquarters all the youths in their districts liable for service.

The uniforms are very smart and picturesque. The fellaheen infantry in winter wear a Cambridge blue frock with white facings, short knickerbocker-like trousers, putties (a kind of leggings), and "regulation" boots. The fez with blue tassel completes the toilet. In summer the dress is white. The Soudanese regiments wear similar garments made of kakhi—a straw-coloured kind of twill—all the year round. The cavalry are booted and spurred like our own, and the army medical corps wear the crescent in addition to the star on their uniforms. The Remington rifle has now given place to the Martini throughout the Army. The pay of the Egyptian soldier is about a piastre (2½d.) a-day, with a ration of beans and oil, and, as it is now punctually paid, he is fairly satisfied. The native officers are drawn from the "upper ten," of course. They are dapper and intelligent, but lighter in physique than their men. They get on well with their English comrades.



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PARIS AT NIGHT.



"You needn't mind me, you know."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

BY LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.



PERHAPS the two rooms would not have looked so poor and bare had they been less neat and tidy. A few papers littered about, or a hat and jacket thrown upon the table, would have toned down the nakedness of the place, while a negligent arrangement of the furniture, instead of such severe orderliness, would have prevented its scantiness from standing out in such strong relief. There was something heroic, though, about the manner in which poor Mrs. Kirwen looked after her gradually vanishing home — something which faintly recalled the Guards who die but do not surrender. Article by article, a large portion of the home had been sacrificed by the widow for a trifle of ready money wherewith to keep her patient little head above water; but the few

sticks which yet remained to her were dusted and polished daily, and arranged as carefully as though they formed part and parcel of a drawing-room of the greatest magnificence. The sitting-room clock, which used to tick so sociably and keep such bad time, as though it realised that its duties as a timepiece were quite subordinate to its value as a companion, had gone; but the little flower-vases with the everlasting grasses, which used to stand on either side of it, still occupied their respective ends of the mantelpiece, together with the shells and the little china ornaments. The piano no longer lent its aristocratic countenance to the apartment, but the plaque with the plush frame, which used to stand upon it and lean against the wall, was still hanging upon a nail at the same spot. The three nice paintings which used to decorate the place had also vanished, but the brackets and the nicknacks which, in happier days, flanked them right and left, were all in their customary places. In fact, while the more solid parts of the upholstery, and everything which could be readily turned into cash, had disappeared, the elegant little trifles which were valueless remained, looking woefully incongruous in the lonely midst of their sparse surroundings. They told their own story, proclaiming to even the casual onlooker that they were all that remained of an erstwhile pretty and comfortable home.

During her husband's lifetime, or, at all events, until towards the latter part of the time, Mrs. Kirwen's existence, without being too prosperous, had been smooth and comfortable. Skilful management was sometimes required on her part to make the available funds go the requisite distance, but there were no hardships to bear beyond those the overcoming of which gave life its zest. Mr. Kirwen, who was an inventor of considerable ingenuity, had insufficient business aptitude to get nearly so much out of the creations of his brain as did the firm of patent agents who saw to his specifications and financed his ideas. He was able to keep the home going, without being able to put much by for a rainy day. Sometimes, when he met with reverses and disappointments, he would grow dissatisfied with his way of life, and, chagrin making him epigrammatic, he would declare that "Invention is the mother of necessity." Nothing approaching to necessity, however, ever threatened the Kirwen establishment while he lived. But he had been dead for three years now, and his widow, left quite unprovided for by her utterly unmethodical partner, had had an uphill struggle. The smart, decorated show-card which used to stand in the window and exhibit the words "Pianoforte Taught Within," had been succeeded by a pathetically home-made ticket, "Good Piano for Sale." Latterly, the widow had been needleworking for the Christian Ladies' Relief Association, a body of Good Samaritans who made a nice little profit out of their philanthropy—as latter-day philanthropists frequently do. Inasmuch as her earnings were scantier than a match-girl's, although she sat over her work until those violet eyes of hers, once so bright, ached to distraction, it was not very wonderful that she fell more and more hopelessly in arrear with her rent. But for the need of keeping a home for her little girl Gracie, she would have gone into service with a thankful heart. The grandest of heroic deeds, Richter has said, are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy; and there was, indeed, something finely courageous about the way in which, her only weapon a needle, little Mrs. Kirwen held in play penury and want. But the fight was now grievously one-sided. The landlord had been growing less patient each week, and the culmination of it all was to arrive this evening, Christmas Eve, of all times. Unless she fulfilled certain conditions by Wednesday night, she would, the landlord had told her in an unnecessarily unkind way, be "brokered" on the following day. Wednesday night had

passed without the performance of those conditions, and the bailiff might be in at any moment. If Mrs. Jenkins, three doors down the street, were to be believed, and her personal experiences constituted her no mean authority, the bailiff would have to be in before sunset, to be within his rights; and she had already twice sent round to tell Mrs. Kirwen, with glee at the prospect of baffling a bailiff, although only vicariously, that "the fog was a-makin' the sun set much quicker nor usual."

The snow, too, began to fall heavily, and little Gracie, as she came bounding in, thought it was rare fun to be powdered profusely with the big flakes. But her mother, recollecting the scantiness of the child's clothing, hurried with some alarm to brush the snow from the girl's throat and shoulders.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Gracie, opening her eyes wide with the echo of a former excitement, "Rosie Ferrars is going to have such a lovely Christmas-tree to-morrow evening, with little coloured candles all over it."

"Is she, dear?" said the fond mother.

"Yes; real candles, which you can light up, and dolls, and toys, and needle-cases, and Father Christmases, and all sorts of lovely things."

"Oh, my!" said the widow, momentarily forgetting her own troubles in watching her little daughter's enthusiasm.

"Yes," continued Gracie, "and she's going to have a party, and all the children who go are going to have the things off the tree to keep, mother; to keep for good. Why don't we have a Christmas-tree and some company, mother?"

"We are going to have some very disagreeable company, dear; a horrid man, to take our home away."

"Don't cry, mother dear. Perhaps he won't come. Perhaps he won't be able to find where we live. When is he coming?"

"Almost directly, dear; while I'm out, I'm afraid. I must go over to the offices of the Association, to take the work I have finished and get what they owe me. You will stop in while I'm away, and mind the home for mother, like a little woman. The man won't hurt you. Or, if you like, you can go round to Mrs. Jenkins's when he comes. There's a fire round there if you get cold, and she's a good kind body."

Mrs. Kirwen had not been gone more than twenty minutes before the bailiff arrived. He was a stout, cheery man, with a brisk manner; not unkind-looking, but evidently not susceptible to the emotions which the scenes of misery he so frequently encountered might arouse in breasts less hardened against such feelings. He took possession with the breezy heartiness which would sit well upon a welcome visitor. Gracie was a little frightened at first, and shrank from him, contemplating a speedy bolt to Mrs. Jenkins; but when the stranger spoke pleasantly to her and called her "little maid," she became defiant. Finding she could show fight with impunity, she grew venturesome, and slapped him viciously with her slate. When he smiled at her ineffectual hostilities, and told her she must be a good girl or else bogey would have her, she scowled at him imperiously, and sought to browbeat him with flashes of indignation. But, unfortunately for Gracie's loyalty to her mother, the man was wearing a large watch and a bunch of seals, and thawing rapidly, although unconsciously, towards the possessor of objects so fascinating, she subsequently found herself sitting upon his knee examining the works of the chronometer, and prattling to him as artlessly as though he were a friend of a year's standing. Suddenly, when she was quite tired of the watch, she recollected herself, and slid from his knee, with her accusing conscience showing in her face in the form of an angry flush. She could hardly believe that she had shown even momentary toleration towards one whom her dear mother had declared odious.

The bailiff, highly amused at the child's attitude, moved off to overlook the contents of the other room. He suddenly returned, with a white face and an eager manner, which drove every sensation but that of intense surprise from Gracie's mind.

"Whose portrait is that hanging up in the other room, my child?" he asked hurriedly.

"Mother's, sir," said Gracie.

"Mrs. Kirwen's?"

"Yes."

"What was her maiden name?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"What was her name before her marriage?"

"I don't know."

The bailiff bit his lip with vexation at this interruption of the testing of his agitating surmise.

"Have you an uncle, dear?" he continued, going round another way for information.

"Yes, Uncle George, but he's in Australia."

"But you know his name?"

"Yes, Uncle George Windsor."

"Gertrude Windsor! I knew it!" exclaimed the bailiff, beaming with a wondering delight. "Why, I am one of your mother's oldest friends."

"Oh, no!" retorted Gracie, gradually regaining possession of her former distrust. "My mother told me you were a horrid man, and disagreeable company."

The bailiff laughed without restraint. "Ah! she won't say that when she sees me. But what a rum go! One of the very rummest. Well, I'm jiggered!"

Then he caught sight of the photograph-album on the little book-shelf, and recognised instantly a further means of testing his discovery. The first portrait which caught his eye as he opened the book was a likeness of himself taken ten years earlier, before he wore a beard, and when he was considerably less bulky.

"There I am," he cried triumphantly, exhibiting the likeness to the critical inspection of the child.

Gracie was incredulous. "Mother has often told me that was the kindest man she ever knew, and she said if she could only find him he would never let her be in such trouble."

"And she's quite right."

"But she said you were a horrid man, and that you were going to take the home away."

"No, I don't think the home need go, little one, and I think I can convince you that I am not so horrid as you think. We must make the rooms nice and bright before your mother returns. Will she be long?"

"Not very long now."

"Now, what would you like for Christmas?"

"O—oh! a Christmas-tree."

"And would you still think me horrid if I got you a Christmas-tree?"

"O—oh no; not if it was one like Rosie Ferrars is going to have."

"What, a large one?"

"Yes, with candles all over it what you can light up, and Father Christmases and flags."

"Well, we must see," and the beaming bailiff slipped on his overcoat, reiterating, with the keenest satisfaction, that he had never been so thoroughly out-and-out jiggered before in his life.

"And crackers on it," added Gracie, correcting a material oversight as the bailiff went out.

He came back in a moment to say that if Mrs. Kirwen returned while he was away, she was to be informed that Mr. Gurdon had called—Abel Gurdon.

Mr. Gurdon's first operation, upon regaining the streets of Camberwell, was to make his way to a provision warehouse where he seemed to be well known. There he drew and cashed a substantial cheque, and spent ten minutes in giving orders as fast as they could be booked. Then he went on to a greengrocer's and selected an imposing Christmas-tree, and said something also about a sack of coals. When Gracie opened the door to him again he had a fine fat goose under his arm. In obedience to his explicit and peremptory instructions, his various orders were delivered immediately. A fire crackled in the grate, and made the room look cheerful at once, and the holly which now decorated the walls glistened in the flickering flames. The table soon bore a weight of seasonable fare greater than the aggregate of the entire month preceding, and the faces of Gracie and Mr. Gurdon emulated each other's radiance. The bailiff had worked a perfect transformation scene.

Gracie was feverishly emptying a box of toys and transferring them one by one to the twigs of her tree, when Mrs. Kirwen, worn and miserable, opened the door. She was about to retire precipitately, with an apology for intruding into the wrong apartments, having caught sight of the laden table, when Gracie ran, screaming with excitement, to her side. Then, with increasing amazement, she scrutinised this bountiful bailiff.

"Abel!"

"Gertrude!"

She was crying on his shoulder in another moment, and it was some time before he could explain to her the situation. When at last she realised that it was in the capacity of bailiff that Abel Gurdon had become her visitor, and that the meeting was a pure accident, she was just a little disappointed.

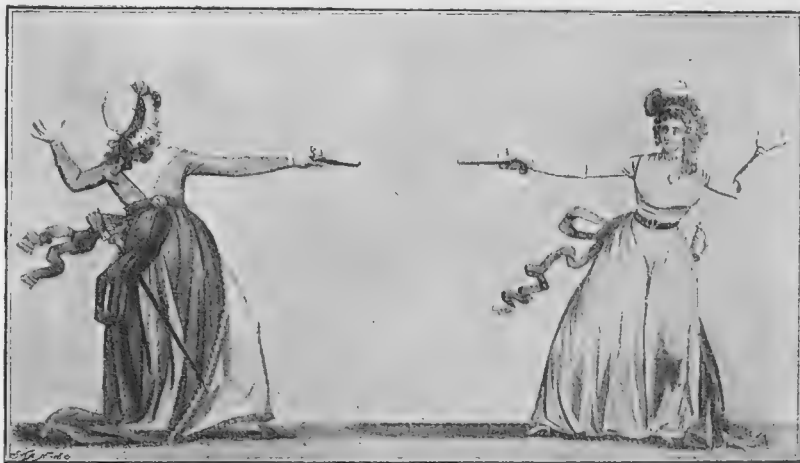
"I thought all bailiffs were necessarily hard and coarse men," she said.

"Ah, Gertrude! you cannot judge men in the lump in that manner. You cannot say that all bailiffs are cruel, any more than you can say that all bricklayers are honest or that all painters are blue-eyed. I did not like the prospect at first, but I reflected that, by taking on the work and doing it kindly, I might save many a poor family from a misery they might otherwise have inflicted upon them. But little did I ever dream that, just as I was leaving the business, I should have a piece of good fortune of this sort. Never judge by names or titles."

"No," agreed the widow, thinking ruefully of the Christian Ladies' Relief Association.

THE PETTICOAT DUELLISTS.

If Mrs. Grundy knew history, which she does not, she would cease to attribute any new development of her sex to the flightiness of that much-abused quantity "the present generation." Here, for example, is an old print which shows that the woman of the past outwitted even the woman with a past. Once upon a time there was a certain Lady Almeria Braddock. She was visited, one afternoon in 1792, by a certain Mrs. Elphinstone. In the course of a *tête-à-tête*, which was not quite



THE PETTICOAT DUELLISTS.

amiable, Mrs. Elphinstone declared to her ladyship "you have been a very beautiful woman." The preterit petrified her ladyship. "You have a very good autumnal face even now," Mrs. Elphinstone went on, "but you must acknowledge that the lilies and roses are somewhat faded. Forty years ago, I am told, a young fellow could hardly gaze upon you with impunity." Whereat her ladyship declared she was not yet thirty. Mrs. Elphinstone at once cited Collins, the Burke of the day, who stated that her ladyship had been born in 1732, and was therefore sixty-one. That was the finishing touch, and the ladies adjourned to Hyde Park to have it out about Mr. Collins. They first set to with pistols at a range of ten yards, and Lady Almeria got a bullet whizzing through her hat, while her own shot was of no avail. The seconds then proposed a reconciliation, but the Lady Almeria would have none of it, unless her opponent admitted that she had been to blame in questioning her veracity. Mrs. Elphinstone indignantly refused, and drew her sword, to her sorrow, for she was wounded slightly in the sword-arm. Lady Almeria was satisfied, and, a concession having been drawn up in terms agreeable to both of them, the ladies curtsied to each other, and, in the words of the chronicler, "quitted the field with honour." Mr. Gilbert might have used the incident after this fashion in the metre of one his jingles in "The Grand Duke; or, The Statutory Duel"—

About a century since,
The code of the duello
Was full in force, and made a corse
Of many a strapping fellow.
The man you made to wince
Demanded satisfaction,
And would not wait to hear you state
A nominal retraction.
The code of honour left no doubt
For him: but he must call you out—
He scorned a libel action.

And now and then this law
Was put in force by ladies.
Did one offend, her foe might send
Her straightway down to Hades.
For, when the weary jaw
Ran short of slanging fuel,
She did not tear the other's hair,
But went and fought a duel.
This remedy conducted to sport,
And far excelled a legal court,
Although it might be cruel.

When Mrs. Elphinstone
Did chaff the fading Braddock
About her age, she had to wage
A fight by Hyde Park paddock,
Since nothing would atone
Short of a desperate battle
The Lady B. made Mrs. E.
Regret her tittle-tattle.
For slanders cease to be a joke
Where'er you find the women-folk
Such fiery kittle cattle.

The woman of our time
May boat and fence and cycle.
Once in a way (see Jones's play)
An Angel ruins Michael.
She's even known to mime,
On various occasions,
In mannish clo'es, and goodness knows
How many more sensations.
But women who are labelled New
Have yet to learn a thing or two
From bygone generations.



A BAD COLD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Along with Stevenson's "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," in the new Edinburgh Edition, is bound up the fragmentary work that was promised us under the title of "The Northern Lights." It is called "A Family of Engineers," and deals mainly with the career of Robert Stevenson, the writer's grandfather, giving very copious extracts from his professional note-books. The conclusion, wanting here, is given partly in the essay on Thomas Stevenson which we already know. There is just the least trace of the work having wearied the biographer. He makes the most, of course, of all that was bright and adventurous in the strenuous lives of which he tells; but the domestic records through which he plodded had terribly flat portions, we gather, out of which no romance at all could come. But the story of Robert Stevenson's labours is all romance. He and his stepfather made the lighthouse service out of nothing, so to speak, save their own skill and devotion. They were continual workers, continual wanderers, and it was in the wild places of the earth and among wild people, with the scantiest allowance of money and the most meagre equipment, that the work had to be done.

Here is one picture out of many of their perilous adventures. They were in dangerous proximity to a rocky island, and in desperate need of help, but the people of the island slept—

It was thought possible to launch a boat and tow the *Regent* from her place of danger, and with this view a signal of distress was made and a gun fired with a red-hot poker from the galley. Its detonation awoke the sleepers. Door after door was opened, and in the grey light of the morning fisher after fisher was seen to come forth, yawning and stretching himself, nightcap on head. Fisher after fisher, I wrote, and my pen tripped, for it should rather stand wrecker after wrecker. There was no emotion, no animation; it scarce seemed any interest; not a hand was raised; their children stood by their side and waited also.

From this grandfather our Stevenson evidently inherited much besides a love of sea-wandering. Descriptions of him, his own and other people's, in his Samoan home, continually tell of his wide and practical interest in his friends', neighbours', and dependents' concerns; how he loved to play the part of generous patron, how he wearied himself to bring comfort and pleasure to such folks as crossed his path. Robert Stevenson the elder made work for himself in the same benevolent way. He was possibly meddlesome, for there was no one in the service to dispute his will; and we find him lecturing a keeper's wife on the care of her fenders and carpets. But his men all round the coast knew him for the best of all possible friends.

He wrote behind their backs to arrange for the education of their children, or to get them other situations if they seemed unsuitable for the Northern Lights. When he was at a lighthouse on a Sunday, he held prayers and heard the children read. When a keeper was sick, he lent him his horse and sent him mutton and brandy from the ship.

When the men died the care of their families seems to have descended on the shoulders of Stevenson.

As might be expected, the novelist used in his tales some of the material he found in his father's and grandfather's stories and note-books, though the general inspiration of their lives stood him in more stead than particular adventures. But a casual reading of this fragmentary memoir will show the origin of scenes we have enjoyed in "Treasure Island" and "The Merry Men."

There is a book recently published by Mr. George Redway which in lists may be entered as philosophy, and so not come to the notice of some whom it might interest. Its name is "Porphyry to Marcella," and it is a translation by Miss Alice Zimmern of a letter written by the philosopher to his wife. High matters are dealt with, certainly, but its chief value does not exist in its philosophical references. It is a very human document. There is no great evidence, it is true, of demonstrative tenderness in the relation of the Neo-Platonist to his wife, and it is contemptuously undomestic in tone. The injunctions of philosophy, which are to preserve her mind and soul and bring them to perfection, she is bidden to think of far more importance than mere worldly duties—"more suitable for thee to take care of thyself and thy house."

The name of Mr. Stephen Phillips was unknown to me till I saw and read the few poems which he has published in Mr. Elkin Matthews' Shilling Garland, "Christ in Hades, and Other Poems." After this I shall look with eagerness for anything he sends out. The title-poem is tentative. Though complete after a fashion, it leaves the impression of being a fragment. But the conception is highly original, and amidst its rough, vigorous workmanship you light here and there on some exquisitely finished passages. The restlessness of Hades and its queen, the new hope and fresh pain that are felt when Christ descends, are suggested by the aid of a delicate imagination. But what space I have I will use to quote from the more quotable "Other Poems." "The Apparition" is the tale, in six short lyrics, of the visits of a dead girl to her lover on earth. There her heart still lived, till that night of which he says—

She touched me not, but smiling spoke,
And softly as before,
"They gave me drink from some slow stream;
I love thee now no more."

But Mr. Phillips does not end his dramas obviously, and this one has a further development, the meaning of which read who may—

The other night she hurried in,
Her face was wild with fear;
"Old friend," she said, "I am pursued;
May I take refuge here?"

o. o.

MR. WYNDHAM'S CAREER AT THE CRITERION.

On Friday, by performances at the Lyceum in the afternoon and at the Criterion in the evening, as well as by a supper at the Hotel Cecil at midnight, Mr. Charles Wyndham will celebrate his twenty years' connection with the theatre in Piccadilly Circus. It was on April 15, 1876, that he began his close association with the Criterion, then managed by Mr. Alexander Henderson. He had been engaged to appear in "The Great Divorce Case," which was destined to be the first of a tolerably long list of Criterion adaptations from the French. Mr. Wyndham, at this time, had been just ten years upon the London stage. He had made a special success at the Royalty in 1873 as Rover in "Wild Oats," and at the Court in 1874 as Bob Sackett in "Brighton," and his position as the first of English light comedians was unquestioned. It was, of course, still more firmly established by his triumph in "The Great Divorce Case," and in "Hot Water," which followed in November. It was not in any way impaired, assuredly, by his appearance in "On Bail" (as Mr. Gilbert had rechristened his "Committed for Trial"). The biggest success in this class of dramatic work was, however, yet to come. It came on March 31, 1877, in the shape of the famous "Pink Dominos," which ran for the best part of two years, namely, to December 1878. In the course of its long run Mr. Wyndham had appeared at Criterion matinées, and in each case for the first time in his career, as John Ferne in Robertson's "Progress," John Mildmay in "Still Waters," and Harold Trivass in "An American Lady."

Up to December 1878, Mr. Wyndham had acted at the "Cri" under the direction of Mr. Henderson. He had had for colleagues such artists as John Clarke, Edward Righton, Herbert Standing, Henry Ashley, Augustus Harris, Miss Nelly Bromley, Miss Eastlake, and Miss Fanny Josephs. When the Criterion reopened in February 1879, with farcical comedy, Mr. Wyndham appeared as his own manager, and from that year and month dates his control of the Criterion's fortunes. It began with "Truth," Mr. Bronson Howard's imitation of the "Pink Dominos" genre, and it is notable that among Mr. Wyndham's new colleagues were Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. R. C. Carton. Mr. Standing stayed on, and among new-comers was W. J. Hill. "Truth" ran for 150 nights, and then was replaced by "Betsy," in which Mr. Wyndham did not appear. It proved a big "draw," thanks to its inherent comicality and the acting of Miss Lottie Venne, Mrs. Stephens, W. J. Hill, young Sothorn, Mr. Giddens, and Mr. Alfred Maltby. It has since been revived at the Criterion on three occasions—in August 1888, in August 1889, and in August 1892. "Truth," by the way, was revived in September 1890, when Miss Ellaline Terriss made her entrée at this theatre.

After "Betsy" came "Where's the Cat?"—the adaptation by Alberty, in which Mr. Wyndham was supported (for the first time under his management) by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mrs. John Wood. Next we had Mr. Mortimer's "Butterfly Fever," Mr. Sims's "Flats," and the first Criterion production of "Brighton," in which Mr. Wyndham (who had figured in "Butterfly Fever," but not in "Flats") once more appeared. ("Brighton," let it be recorded here, was again revived in 1883, 1884, and 1891, in which last-named year it had handsome Miss Mary Ansell, now Mrs. J. M. Barrie, in its cast.) In "Fogerty's Fairy," which followed "Brighton," Miss Kate Rorke made her Criterion début. In this and in "Fourteen Days" Mr. Wyndham continued his successes in the light-comedy vein. In "Little Miss Muffett" (in which the manager did not act) Mr. Beerbohm Tree made another "hit," and Miss Vane Featherstone and Miss Agnes Hewitt appeared.

This was in 1882. In 1883 the theatre was completely overhauled, to be reopened, with many improvements—and especially with a new system of ventilation—in April 1884. The first novelty in the renovated house was "Featherbrain," yet another adaptation from the French, and worth remembering, if only because it introduced Mr. Mackintosh, M. Marius, and Miss Norreys to Criterion audiences. To this year belong also the first representations of "The Candidate," whose adapter contrived for so long to hide his identity from the public. In "The Man with Three Wives," which opened 1885, Miss Mary Moore made her first appearance at the theatre of which she was fated to be for so many years the "leading lady." Her first triumph, however, was not made until she figured in the next production—the revival of "Wild Oats," of which her demure Lady Amaranth was certainly one of the attractions. After this came one of the turning-points in Mr. Wyndham's career, both as actor and as manager. His fame was wholly that of a master of light comedy. All of a sudden, in November 1885, he presented himself as the hero of Tom Robertson's "David Garrick."

Since then, "David Garrick" has been a standing dish at the Criterion, ready to be put on at a moment's notice. It was revived in 1888, 1889, 1890, and so on. The reception given to it induced Mr. Wyndham to follow it up with "Still Waters" in 1886, and though, since that date, he has appeared in "The Bachelor of Arts," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Sowing and Reaping," "London Assurance," "The School for Scandal," "Wild Oats," and "Fourteen Days," ranging from classic comedy to modern farce, he has of recent years shown a preference for characters possessing an underlying strength, such as those enacted by him in "The Fringe of Society," "The Bauble Shop," "An Aristocratic Alliance," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and "The Home Secretary." And he has provided for the Criterion public many an entertainment in which he has not himself taken part. He has supplied, for example, revivals of "Our Boys," "Two Roses," "Caste," and "Cyril's Success"; he has submitted "Miss Decima," "Haste to the Wedding," and "Madame Angot"; he has arranged for such productions as that of "All Abroad."

A.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Landed property was a good deal before the House of Commons last week. There was the Agricultural Rating Bill for one thing, and the Wednesday debate on Mr. Price's Rent Revision Bill for another. Of course, the Radicals say that the different treatment given by the Unionists to the two Bills means that they will give a million to the landlords and do nothing for the farmers. That is so delightfully simple a way of putting it. Probably, if I were a Radical, I should say so myself! The fact is, however, that Mr. Price's Bill was an impossible one, while Mr. Chaplin's has been due for some time. The little urban revolt, headed by Mr. G. C. Whiteley, is not serious. Holes can be picked in the Rating Bill. You can argue that it does not relieve land enough, just as easily that it ought not to give any relief at all. Mr. Chaplin's answer was frank. The Government were determined to do something to relieve the straits in which agriculture now is, and this was the only way available. As to the amount, they have cut their coat according to their cloth. Out of the surplus they have devoted a million to this object. They could not give more without raising taxation, and that would be really unfair to the other interests and industries. The whole Opposition will be ranged in force against this Bill—Irish and everybody. It is the only Bill which unites the disorganised enemy. It really is quite pleasant to have provided something they can join their ranks against.

MR. ASQUITH'S RETURN.

After some nice calculations and discussions, and not a little intriguing, Mr. Asquith has been selected to move the rejection of the Education Bill. Six months ago, Mr. Asquith was going back to the Bar. Two months ago, Mr. Asquith went back—to his chambers. But, apparently, the law—that is, solicitors—won't have him; and here he comes, accordingly, back to the House of Commons. Now this is as it should be, for it was not at all pleasant to see an ex-Home Secretary going back to his profession as a barrister after acting as a judge, and as the ultimate Judge of Appeal in criminal cases. For my own part, I never expected Mr. Asquith to do much at the Bar if he did return to it. In the first place, his practice was never at all large. In the second, a solicitor is always shy of entrusting a big case to a man who is much interested in politics, and Mr. Asquith is a born politician. For that very reason he is to be welcomed back to the Liberal front bench, not too strong in talent as it is just now. There is practically no Opposition numerically, and it is for the interest of the nation that what Opposition there is should be of the best quality. Mr. Asquith is a good critic, and his criticisms will be none the less useful because they will probably be answered without much difficulty.

THE RESULT OF AN INTRIGUE.

When I say that Mr. Asquith's selection is the result of not a little intriguing, I state what must be obvious to anyone who knows the position of this clever gentleman in Lord Rosebery's late Cabinet. To move the rejection of the Education Bill would clearly be the function of Mr. Acland, the former Liberal Education Minister, whose campaign against the Voluntary Schools has really compelled the present Government to go so far in the other direction. But Mr. Acland has been ailing for some time, and, though he is now fairly strong, he has been persuaded that he might not do himself justice. After Mr. Acland, Mr. Mundella's claim would come, as the Liberal Education Minister before him. But Mr. Mundella has been passed over. Failing an ex-Minister for Education, the leader of the Opposition ought to have undertaken the duty. But Sir William Harcourt stands aside. Mr. Morley has his hands full of Irish Land, Sir Henry Fowler of local rating. Meanwhile, Mr. Asquith wanted to come back to the House of Commons. What could be simpler—to Mr. Asquith's friends? These things have to be done cleverly, but, then, some people, you know, are clever. And so it has come about, just for all the world as similar things used to fall Mr. Asquith's way during the last Administration, when he was only Home Secretary and used to turn in at a certain newspaper office not far from Bouverie Street to give private advice in the small hours of the morning.

MORE DISSENSIONS?

It was rather funny on Thursday to find Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Fowler flatly contradicting one another on a question of finance. Sir Henry Fowler began by asking the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he really meant to go on paying off the National Debt when Consols were at 112, and said that no Chancellor of the Exchequer "had a right, without the consent of Parliament, to redeem the Debt at a premium of 12, 13, or 14 per cent." Whereupon up gets Sir William Harcourt, in a great state of mind at this heresy on the part of his colleague. "How does he propose to pay off the Debt without buying Consols?" I allude to this difference of opinion partly as significant in itself, but even more because this is a subject which will have seriously to be tackled before long, and on which opinions will be curiously divided.

THE BLOCK OF BUSINESS.

Owing partly to not very good generalship, the Government has again to demand more of the time of the House for its Bills. The Rating Bill is being pushed forward, and progress has to be made with the Budget before the Education Bill can be tackled; while the Irish Land Bill must wait for the present. Private members have certainly not had much chance this Session, and they don't seem likely to get much.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

After the Budget the Agricultural Rating Bill, the one being the complement of the other. I do not think it will be a popular Bill; practically, it gives away two millions a-year to the country landlords, nothing to the towns, and, in the end, nothing to the farmers. The Government are, in fact, pressing steadily along the lines of a landlord and cleric relief party. Nothing has been done for workmen, nothing for the income-tax affairs or middle classes; the entire social policy seems, indeed, to be constructed on the familiar lines of doles to the squires out of the central tax fund. Whether this is the kind of policy that Mr. Chamberlain wants, I very much doubt; whether the Education Bill suits him, I greatly question; and, indeed, his letter to a correspondent shows that on two fairly vital points of the Bill he is hostile, and will use his influence to secure its amendment. All this is interesting enough, and it shows how bad the Government would be, from the popular point of view, if Mr. Chamberlain were not a member of it. But it does not alter the crucial fact that there is no kind of impulse for social reform in the present Cabinet, and the glib talk of the elections was talk and nothing more, and that, for all practical purposes, the elder Toryism is once more in power.

THE NEW LABOUR BILLS.

Much the same story must be told of the new Labour Bills promoted by the Home Office. Sir Matthew White Ridley has not produced a good Truck Bill or a good Mines Bill. He had a great opportunity; which was all the greater because of Mr. Asquith's failure, in regard to Trucks, to propose a Bill of any real or permanent value. Sir Matthew White Ridley has gone one or two timid steps further than his predecessor, but he has practically done nothing to remedy the great evil of the system of crooked deductions from wages, or current discipline, or the use of tools and materials. Why on earth cannot we have a plain statement that the labourer is worthy of his hire, that wages are not to be nibbled into by all sorts of crafty and improper deductions, and that a man should get what on paper he is supposed to get? On the contrary, Sir Matthew's Bill goes on the old bad lines of legalising fines, and only checks them in the most meagre, and most difficult, and most unsatisfactory fashion. The Bill is worthless, and, if the Radicals do their work at all efficiently, it will be riddled with criticism. The Mines Bill is little better, and, in a word, the send-off of the new Home Secretary is a thoroughly poor one. One hopes, on the other hand, that we shall hear a little of the new Social Toryism, which Mr. George Wyndham and some few of the young bloods seem inclined to try to revive. There is plenty of room now for a budding Dizzy or an ambitious Sir Randolph Churchill, plenty of work for such men to do, an ample career for them when it is done. The opportunity is in many ways unrivalled, on account of the size of the Government's majority. You cannot do much harm to a Ministry which rests on the solid base of 150 votes.

THE RATES BILL.

Mr. Chaplin's appearance as the sponsor of the Rates Bill was not a success. Mr. Chaplin is a gentleman with a large, common vocabulary, power of spreading himself out loosely over a subject, no mind in particular, a good voice, and ineffable belief in himself. He is quite without ideas, and yet he has a fatal passion for subjects like Bimetallism and economics in general, which do require some closeness of thinking, something more than a bucolic mind with a rhetorical setting. So Mr. Chaplin, led by some mischievous god, has taken to figures, delights in abstract propositions, revels in logic, gambols with elephantine grace round problems which, I am sure, he does not in the least understand. Not without a certain definite view of politics, Mr. Chaplin always seems to me the victim of forms and words. If he had had somebody to prune his style, to check his self-confidence, he might be something of a figure in the House of Commons, and, now that he is personally quite deservedly popular, he impresses no one; his rotund style fatigues, his platitudes pall; he made one or two rather serious errors in his Rating Bill speech, and, on the whole, he did not present his case with much tact or felicity. He is also old-fashioned, so out of touch with modern life. This is not exactly a Progressive Government, but even in it Mr. Chaplin appears to wear a certain *passé* air.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Another member of the Government is not altogether in a pleasant position. Mr. Chamberlain's task in South Africa is a very difficult one, and it is made much more difficult by the set that is being made against him by men like Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett. This gentleman, of course, has no kind of serious value as a politician, but he is determined, is not plagued with modesty, and pursues his sport of Chamberlain-baiting with about as much refinement and discretion as he showed in the days when he used to pursue Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain does not like it, and shows his contempt for his enemy in tolerably marked fashion. Nor will Sir Ashmead get as much small change out of the Secretary for the Colonies as he used to do out of the great statesman who has left us. Still, the constant pressure of the extreme anti-Boer Party in the House is a trifle serious, for it coincides with a state of anti-Chamberlain feeling in the Conservative Party. Mr. Chamberlain, I think, will go his own way—and keep his own way—in spite of opposition; but he is clearly galled by the interpolations from his own side, and I suspect that, if the Tory guerillas want to wear away his nerves and temper, they may have a partial success.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The Australians are here. They arrived at the latter end of last week, and the excitement among cricketers is, of course, very great. The possibilities of the season are being discussed with great gusto, and the practice of the Colonials at Mitcham will be watched with rapt attention by devotees of the game.

The party consists of fourteen players, though it is quite likely that Albert Trott, Harry Moses, and Jack Harry, who will also be available, will be invited to assist, as well as the manager, Mr. H. Musgrove. I must confess that this method of doing business strikes me as peculiar. There is a strong suspicion of economy about it, for it may be stated that these players are defraying their own expenses, and have come at their own risk.

The Australian visit is regarded as a fine sporting enterprise. Well, it may be so for all I know, but I have an idea that sport is somewhat subsidiary to finance. I have no hesitation in saying that the object—or, at any rate, one of the objects—of this trip is to make a profit, and to leave no stone unturned in the attainment. This much is made evident by the Australian papers, which for the past month or two have been filled *ad nauseam* with the most regrettable squabbles. I mention the matter, disagreeable though it must be to many people concerned, for this reason: the Australian cricketers are posing here as amateurs; they receive all the benefits as such; they come out of the amateurs' tent, and they have "Mr." put to their names. This I call a distinct insult to our own professionals, many of whom are at least equal to the Australians even in a social sense.

If we are treated to a fine, hot summer, with, therefore, hard batting wickets, I am afraid the Colonial bowlers will be severely punished. Their bowlers seem to suffer both in the matters of quality and quantity. Of course, if we have bad weather, they are quite likely to acquit themselves well. He must be a poor bowler indeed who cannot take wickets on bad grounds. Still, I sincerely hope that the Australians may meet with much success. Their batting is good enough for anything, and though, of course, there is a great difference between English and Australian wickets, I shall be very surprised if they do not almost, if not quite, hold their own in this direction. A start will be made at Sheffield Park on May 11, and meanwhile the players are taking their breethers on Mitcham Green.

Next Monday we make a real start with the cricket season, and plunge instantanor not only into first-class cricket, but into the championship competition also. As a matter of fact, there is to be decided on May 4 one of the most important matches of the season, and one which is likely to have a great bearing upon the leading positions at the finish. Reference is made to the meeting of Lancashire and Yorkshire at Manchester, a match which I am very sorry to see played at this early date, when the players are, for the most part, bound to be "fresh." Of course, everybody knows that there was a little misunderstanding between these clubs, and that they only consented at the last moment to arrange meetings.

In the circumstances, it is quite absurd to discuss the chances in this match. A few of the professionals have been getting some practice in League cricket, but only in a small way, and this will practically be their first appearance of the season. Last year the game ended in a draw. Lancashire were dismissed at first go-off for a beggarly 103, and Yorkshire closed their innings at 270 for seven wickets, Lancashire then saving their bacon by responding with 227 for eight. I do not pretend that these figures afford a clue to the result of Monday's meeting. Cricket is notoriously a very uncertain game, and perhaps, therefore, such a delightful game.

I am afraid Lancashire will be short of the services of Mr. A. C. MacLaren on Monday, and the importance of the loss of this player can only be realised by those who know his abilities. In fact, I have yet to see MacLaren's superior among contemporary batsmen. The old Harrovian, who is a master at that school, will be engaged until the holidays, and I notice that Lancashire have, therefore, postponed most of their "serious" matches till the second half of the season, as far as possible. There is certain to be a huge crowd at Manchester, and I trust that the game will be worthy the great occasion.

On the same day Surrey make a start at the Oval, their visitors being Warwickshire, who last year sustained a crushing reverse to the tune of an innings and 223 runs. On that occasion Lockwood made 158, Abel 48, Read 63, Holland 62, Hayward 55, and so on—in fact, with the exception of Brockwell, there were double figures all down the line, extras showing up bravely with 14. Warwickshire, on the other hand, curled up badly with 123 and 174, Brockwell taking eight for 22, and Richardson five for 53. Although Lohmann has not yet returned from South Africa, the Surrey team should be found quite powerful enough for the purpose, almost all of the old hands being available this season.

At Lord's the M.C.C. and Ground make a commencement with their annual series of county trials by taking on Notts, which club, I am glad to see, is going to enter on the season with renewed enthusiasm. These matches do not comprise the full list for Monday. Oxford and Cambridge will play their Seniors' matches, and Somerset give their colts a trial. In addition, Worksop will be the scene of the meeting of the Notts Colts and the Yorkshire Colts.

LACROSSE.

If lacrosse, a game which it was once hoped would obtain high favour in this country, has not extended beyond the classes, it affords rare sport to those who indulge in the excitements of the game. The recent victory of the North over the South by a tremendous margin would seem to suggest that the North are as superior in this pursuit as they are in football. Lack of energy is largely responsible for the inferiority.



Photo by Percy Woods.

There is more than one member of the Southern team who has not mastered the use of his cross. Would it not be wise during the summer for Southerners to practise their passing and throwing, and to attain some degree of certainty in the matter of catching? By attention to these important points, the meeting with the North next year may be attended with less ignominy. The Northerners played in fine style. On Saturday the meeting of England and Ireland caused great interest.

ROWING.

I have been favoured with the names of the men who are to represent Yale University at the forthcoming Henley Royal Regatta. The boat will be made up in this order: George Langford, stroke; R. B. Treadway, No. 7; J. McC. Longacre, No. 6; P. H. Bailey, No. 5; J. O. Rodgers, No. 4; W. M. Beard, No. 3; A. Brown junior or P. D. Mills, No. 2; and Rodgers, bow.

The average weight of this crew is twelve stone and a half. Treadway, the captain, weighs a shade under this, and Langford is only two pounds heavier than Treadway—12 st. 6 lb. Longacre goes up to exactly 13 st., and J. O. Rodgers is even a pound heavier than this. Bailey is 12 st. 10 lb. Of these, only three—namely, Treadway, Langford, and Longacre—are old men.

GOLF.

I hear favourable reports of the formation of the new club at Dalkeith, in connection with the course at Newbattle. There have been received nearly 150 applications to join from gentlemen alone, and ladies and boys have also sent in.

The newly elected office-bearers for the Perth Royal Golf Society are: captain, Lord Balvaird; hon. secretary, Mr. Robert Kinloch, W.S.; councillors, Lieut.-Colonel Murray Graham and Mr. James A. Rollo.

The golf clubs have received the following intimation: "The Amateur Golf Championship Tournament, open to all amateur golfers, members of any golf club, will be commenced at Sandwich on Tuesday, May 19, when the trophy value of £100 and four medals will be competed for." There are eleven "conditions."

The lady members of the Glasgow North-Western Golf Club have decided to form a ladies' section.

On Friday next the Tom Morris Testimonial Fund is to close. The subscriptions have been liberal, but those who have not yet contributed are hereby earnestly entreated to rush up. There has seldom been such a good cause.

I understand that Mr. A. J. Balfour has decided to make North Berwick his home during the month of September. OLYMPIAN.

DID THE RIGHT THING AFTER ALL.

"I am ashamed of you, my dear, laughing at those *risqué* stories of Mrs. de French. You would better have blushed."

"But, Mamma, if I had blushed, it would have shown that I understood them."—*Life*.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Among the many hunting-men who are keen cyclists may be mentioned Major Hargreave, late of the 5th Fusiliers. But he has played the game all round in his day, and at one time few finer steeplechase-riders existed in India than "the Warrior." As a game and trap shot he would still be bad to beat if set upon his mettle. Of late years, however, he has not been so often seen in the hunting-field.

When a lady terms anybody or anything "a horror," depend upon it that lady has the courage of her convictions. A writer in *To-Day* declares that Madame Sarah Grand calls the fasteners which keep some cycling skirts attached to the ankles "perfect horrors," and that, though she considers the *culotte* slightly too advanced a style of garment for "the susceptibilities of the English to overcome," she always adopts it when cycling in Paris or on the Riviera.

The Very Reverend Dean of Rochester is reported as having said that, in his opinion, the pleasure of cycling, as compared to the harm, is as Niagara to a lemon squash.

A sensibly written little pamphlet, called "Pleasure Cycling," contains the following table of gearings, and three leading makers tell me that this table forms an excellent guide—

For strong tourists	61 in.
For light tourists	60 "
For powerful racing men	80 " and over.
For fast-peddalling racing men	72 " " "
For ladies	56 "

"The last item," the writer adds, "is suggested on the assumption that lady riders are not strong, and do not wish for anything but the minimum of exertion; but it must be recollected that, in general, gearing is a question of strength, or knack, and not of sex."

At last the bashful youth has something to say to the uncongenial, reticent partner besides referring to "the floor," "the music," and "tennis." Waltzing in a crowded ball-room last week I overheard the following intellectual remarks within the space of four minutes: "You ride your wheel like a dream, Miss Dunlop." "Oh, Mr. Valve, have you seen the *divine* little bike that—?" "Do you like much, Miss Sideslip?" "Some girls look *awful* on them, don't they?" "Yes, I'm getting one; what maker do you like best?" "How can you say so; you know I look a *fright*!" And as I left the room an innocent Miss was asking her cavalier whether they squeezed oil inside the wheels when they pushed that pump thing up and down. Even young ladies who make it a rule always to run mute, if the phrase may pass, will be found to rise to the subject of cycling as a trout rises to a dry fly, for though they may not all ride as yet, those who do not "hope to soon."

Probably some very remarkable velocipedes will be on view at the Cycle and Horseless Carriage Show which the Lord Mayor is to open at the Crystal Palace on May 2, for I hear many strangers have offered to lend Mr. Hewitt Griffin velocipedes of antique date and old-fashioned bicycles curiously constructed.

I said a good deal about ladies' cycling-dress last week, but did not touch on that of the sterner sex. I was particularly struck, as I walked through the Park, with the exceeding ugliness of the male costumes; somehow, shooting-stockings and Harris tweed suits look out of place on a bicycle in the Park; and yet it looks still more incongruous for a man to ride in frock-coat and tall hat. Surely Mr. Forbes-Robertson, with graceful figure and æsthetic tastes, whom we so often see on wheels, might give us some new ideas.

By the way, I wonder if any of my readers have seen the new "lady cyclist's shoe," which, instead of lacing, is made to fasten over the instep with a strap and buckle. The rider can tighten or loosen it at will, even while riding. I should strongly advise my fair readers to add a pair of these shoes to their wardrobes, as they are both comfortable and becoming, and would look exceedingly well in tan leather, with the becoming tan or brown stockings now so much in vogue for cycling. I need scarcely add that the most sensible and fashionable gloves for lady riders are the specially prepared deerskin and sheepskin, without thick seams, which would naturally press into the hands when the rider grasps the handles; these gloves are made with palms formed of well-ventilated brown kid.

The divided skirt, with apron in front, seems to be getting very popular, but I still think a narrow ordinary skirt is far more becoming. What can look nicer than one of these narrow, simple skirts, a boat-shaped Panama straw hat, and one of the new thin flannel or holland shirts, with white piqué cuffs, belt, and collar, or stock; the latter is exceedingly quaint and pretty.

Apropos of dress, I saw rather a curious sight the other day in town. A carriage-and-pair passed me, but instead of the footman being in his usual place on the box, he rode close behind the carriage on a bicycle, with long livery overcoat-tails flying behind, and top hat with cockade. It certainly looked a little odd!

It is wonderful how much work and wage the cycle has provided for numbers of poor working-men in the Metropolis. For instance, I am told on good authority that a man out of work hires a machine for a small sum, goes to Battersea, and earns a week's wage in a day by giving lessons to the numbers who always go there to learn.

A Yorkshire Ladies' Cycling Association has recently been formed, with Viscountess Garnock as President, who is herself an expert rider. She entertained the members of the Association the other day, and, while enlarging upon the possibilities which cycling affords for healthy recreation, pointed out some of the dangers which abuse of the exercise might cause. She warned them particularly against the excessive exertion of attempting to ride up steep hills, and she declared, on the authority of a celebrated physician, that, though the ill-effects of such riding may not be immediately apparent, sooner or later they are bound to be developed. Of course, the embargo does not refer to gentle acclivities, but, as a general rule, any rise which indicates to the rider unpleasantly that she "has a heart" should be a signal to dismount. This appears to me to be good and sound advice that cyclists should attend to.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The late Baron Hirsch was a popular man on the racecourse. He was genial, and always had a pleasant smile for his acquaintances. It was quite an education to watch the Baron, the Duke of Westminster, and John Porter talking horses. The Baron's idea of racing was that money ought to command success, and he did not hesitate to buy high-priced stock when he was advised by good judges to do so. One of his bitterest disappointments was the defeat of Matchbox in France. The stewards who acted as judges gave the verdict half a head against Matchbox, but M. Cannon told me he thought he had won by half a length.

Many owners are once more complaining about running their horses for the good of the professional backers. I have just heard of an instance where an owner was advised by his trainer to have only twenty-five pounds on his horse, and judge of the surprise of the owner, who has to pay the piper, when, after the race, he discovered that a couple of professional backers had, between them, laid out a thousand pounds on the animal in question. Unfortunately, S. P. betting will admit of this being done. I need scarcely say I am delighted to add for a finale that the well-backed horse just got done on the post.

It is a strange thing that our leading trainers do not pay more attention to the teaching of their apprentices to ride. It will be remembered that Tom Jennings junior was once credited with the remark that the apprentice Bradford was "the most valuable horse in his stable," and the "Young Governor" could repeat the saying about Grimshaw at the present time, for I am told the terms charged for Grimshaw to ride good horses in big races are very tall, and the boy is always in great demand. It should be added that Mr. Jennings is an able tutor, and he is proud of his boys, as well he might be; but what do many other trainers do to teach apprentices the art of riding? Little or nothing; and, for that reason, I should like to see big handicaps in which all horses should be ridden by the stable jockeys.

Clerks of Courses adopt different methods of the free-pass system, but I do think Mr. H. M. Dorling, who is always willing to give tickets to those entitled to them, would save himself a deal of trouble if he were to issue annual Press passes for Epsom, as is done at all other race-meetings in England. I have always found Mr. Dorling most civil and obliging, therefore the piece of advice given here is to try and save him trouble for the future. The popular Epsom Clerk of the Course has to play the part of inquiry agent when racing is on at his meeting, whereas the free tickets should always be distributed before the day for racing to commence.

Regret is to be specially prepared for the Derby, and so is Persimmon. The first-named is said to be very backward, for, strange to say, the forward spring has not been favourable to the young horses trained at Kingsclere. I had the pleasure of a conversation with the owner of Teufel the other day, and he told me his horse was doing well. He has beaten St. Frusquin before, but he hardly expects him to do so again, especially at even weights. However, Teufel is a genuine candidate for the Epsom event, and he, in my opinion, will finish in the first three. Persimmon has, seemingly, trained off, which is a pity, as the royal colours are popular on the racecourse.

We hear a great deal too much about the number of rogues alleged to be in training at present; but I often notice that horses said to be thieves are backed by the stable. They run straight enough, and, oftener than not, win. Of course, high-spirited horses that are continually having their heads pulled off will sooner or later become cunning. Horses, too, that have been "stuffed" unbeknown to the jockey, who uses the whip and spur freely in trying in vain to do what the trainer knows he cannot do, namely, win, will, if the dose is often repeated, turn rogues. I think, however, that malpractices of the sort mentioned are rare on the Turf just now, and the term "a fearful rogue" is used as a matter of course by jockeys about horses they have been beaten on.

Very few of the old-established owners have met with any degree of success this season up to now. The Dukes of Westminster and Portland have not won a big race. Jewitt's stable have not done any good. True, the Rothschild colours have been to the fore, but all the big handicaps have fallen to new beginners. I fancy the handicapping has something to do with this. The gentlemen who adjust the weights at some meetings, in my opinion, often handicap the stable and not the horse. Thus we see horses trained in little country places winning big events in which the horses trained in fashionable stables have no chance.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

The conventional bridal white satin is in a fair way of being deposed, for this season, at all events, *vice* that most successful of all new materials, known as *moiré velours*. When shot either with gold or silver, its effect is very beautiful. Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg is one of several recent brides who have preferred it. And in Drawing-Room gowns *moiré velours* promises to be in no less a vogue. Among those who wore Court-gowns on Thursday made of this charming fabric was Mrs. Joicey. Her train of shot gold brocade, interwoven with a design of roses and lilac in natural colours, looked very gorgeous, and blended admirably with a bodice of emerald velvet. Both the front and skirt were richly overlaid in an embroidery of Louis Seize design, which was composed of diamonds, emeralds, and silver cord. Pink roses of the same shade as that lining train appeared above short sleeves of tulle under old ivory lace, and a particularly good effect was gained by the train being turned back on left side to show up a panel of this same rich lace, which

appeared in one of these jewelled gowns which was perhaps among the most notably beautiful even in much excellent company. Her bodice and skirt, of white satin overlaid with an embroidery of pearls, diamonds, and silver cord, were shown off to admiration by a train of orange brocade, lined with satin of the same colour, and frillings of tulle to match underneath. Another combination of jewels shone on the gown worn by Mrs. Cunningham (Curzon Street), turquoises, silver sequins, and pearls glistening seductively on a background of white *moiré velours*, shot with silver. The train was of gold-colour mirror-velvet, lined with satin to match. All the foregoing dresses were made by Kate Reily. However personally unprepossessing Louis Quinze may have occasionally seemed to his immediate *entourage*, I cannot somehow but think tenderly of a reign which left us such reminiscences in furniture as his, and even more immediate feminine bedizenment. The fauteuils and brocades of that ornate period have surely a *cachet* all their own, apart from the over-efflorescence of Le Grand Monarque, or the mathematical squareness which ruled under the sixteenth Louis. How charming, besides, the Pompadour posies and coquettish chapeaux of the time, we can judge by the up-to-date reproductions of to-day, which has for the moment a fancy for "Le Louis Quinze." One particularly good adaptation from a portrait of some Court dame has just been done by Worth for an acquaintance. The skirt, of cream satin, is covered with *mousseline de soie*, spangled over in silver sequins. At the bottom of the skirt a wide gathered flounce of cream tulle is edged with a ruche of the same material. Above this flounce are crescent-shaped festoons of white satin, on which are painted graduated garlands of roses, and from it falls an edging of old lace. The bodice, square-cut and rather low, is a work of art, being of heart-shaped form, similar painted garlands running round the upper part, to meet in a point at the waist. The centre is filled with openwork spangled lace, and forms a square in front, and a little basque, with painted posies for a border, falls over the gathers of the skirt. Sleeves, short and very fluffy, of spangled tulle, are partially covered by wide, square *mancherons* of white satin, on which a trail of the painted rose-buds and foliage again alluringly appears. With this delightful garment is to be worn an ivory-white osprey and plume for the hair, a collet pearl necklace, and diminutive spangled fan, as further accessories. Another noticeably handsome dress, to be worn at the forthcoming outdoor festivities in St. Petersburg by Madame de Montebello, is of shot silk, radiating three colours, beige, green, and pink. Godets at the sides and back of skirt give that fan-like appearance which is required of it at present. Each breadth is elaborately embroidered in a Louis Seize design of bows and small daisies. Over the close-fitting bodice a filmy fichu of cream-embroidered cambric comes to the waist in a point, where it is gathered and trimmed all round with rows of real lace. Opening prettily over a cream lawn front, this bodice, besides, owns an engaging basque, which, embroidered all over, is split up behind, and trimmed with a double row of lace. Further, the waistband of sky-blue China crape, which ties at the left side, is embellished with rosettes, and ends ornamented by a sequin fringe. A cool and eminently dainty frock.

Tulle on all millinery is now so unfailingly evident that a smart hat concocted without it will soon come to bear—or at least deserve—the *cachet* of originality. Here are two models of good style hats, yet tulleless, which I unearthed some days since in that *chic* little Bond Street first-floor presided over by Madame Argentine. My first, to use the metaphor of conundrums, a tender green of the lettuce-leaf shade, is in satin straw, having a twist of velvet to match in front. Two *Paradis* plumes, one green, the other ivory-white, are held in place by diamond buckles. Pale greeny-white poppies form the *cache-peigne*, together with rosettes of ivory faille; and this ribbon, appearing also on the crown in well-arranged bows and loopings, completes a hat entirely alluring. Quite in a different style, but no less smart, is another high-crowned chapeau of the new shaded straw, loosely plaited in tones of green, blue, and brown. Cream ribbon bows, tied in most engaging knots at one side, are flanked on the other by hyacinth-blossoms of the same colour. An extremely becoming piece of headgear was furthermore disclosed in a brown chip hat, very wide at both sides, and profusely trimmed with tulle, black feathers, and diamond buckles.

Decidedly Argentine is a milliner of merit. Her style quite original, her handiwork quite *chic*, and not unutterably unblushing in the matter of price, as her fellow-artists in the first flight occasionally are. Heigh-ho! I shall have chiffons on the brain presently. To take refuge in nature from a plethora of millinery art, I yesterday made tracks—bicyclely speaking—for country lanes and river-reaches, past cottage-gardens gay with blossoms of spring, and green fields divinely welcome for their peaceful contrast to Piccadilly. And is there any scent ever distilled, I ask, so sweet to town-tired senses as that which breathes from hedgerows of may or the blossom-laden boughs of old-fashioned lilac? Not, indeed, that I would ungratefully cold-shoulder Atkinson, whose concoctions beguile the sense in or out of season. For, did one never again see a violet, there are his essences (five different sorts) to recall it, genuinely made from the flower, too, no chemical arts intervening. And are not his sachets of *Peau d'Espagne* a lasting joy to our wardrobes, and his White Rose, that "distilled in aromatic pain," conveys almost as real delight as if the original twined about our verandah and peeped in at the window? Yes, Atkinson is certainly a power in the olfactory oligarchy, having transmitted



[Copyright.]

MISS MAUD HOBSON IN "THE GEISHA."

was kept in place by tufts of most realistic pink roses. Countess Cowley's choice of colour was amply justified by the successful effect it obtained. Her train of green mirror-velvet lined with black satin showed up the skirt and bodice, which were of green satin, embroidered in a design of white violets, jet leaves, and sprays, with steel sequins judiciously admixed. A note of white in the bodice, consisting of lace and chiffon vest, was repeated at both sides of the skirt, which was adorned with turned-back panels of white under a similar embroidery. This dress, which may read somewhat sombrely, was, when seen, the happiest of harmonies. One of many striking gowns was that of a brunette bride, who appeared all-glorious in orange velvet train, with skirt and bodice of white satin, a folded waistband of the velvet being fastened by three glittering diamond buttons. The display of jewels at Thursday's ceremonial was, indeed, much enhanced by our present luxurious mode of covering dress-fronts and bodices with their counterfeit presentments. Fair dames literally shone from crown to slipper-point, as if De Beers' output had become a mere drug in the market. Lady William Nevill

fragrance for over a century from his shop, which still remains a landmark in Bond Street no less now than in the days of the curled and perfumed "First Gentleman of Europe." I do not know, by the way, if certain quaint toilet-bottles to be seen there at present are a reproduction or a novelty *pur et simple*. In form they are like diminutive, long-necked sherry-decanter. But in all ways they are charming. And but for what Mr. Mantalini would pronounce the "demm'd disagreeable" necessity for economy, I would now own half-a-dozen of the same. Meanwhile, instead of sprinkling essences about myself, or, Eastern fashion, on the floor, I am compelled to the homelier joys of spring-cleaning and Scrubb's Ammonia—the indispensable and invaluable Scrubb, whose "cloudy" decoction has contributed so much to the celerity of perennial household upheavals. An antiseptic skin-soap lately brought out by these people of enterprise may, too, be truthfully recommended as deserving that often misapplied phrase, "invaluable for the complexion."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MABEL F.—Lime-green silk under black canvas, with a jewelled collar of emeralds; paste, and jet sequins, recommends itself as suitable to your function. Madame Oliver Holmes would design something for you worthy of herself and subject, I am sure. Gregg is not far off and would measure you for the gloves.

SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

In the gowns worn in "The Geisha," at Daly's, there is enough and to spare of the variety which is so proverbially charming, for, first, we have all the delightful little Japanese Geisha-girls flitting about in their many-coloured costumes in the sunlit garden which looks on to the sloping bridge, while the porch of the tea-house itself is beautiful with hanging trails of pale-mauve flowers—altogether such a charming picture that it is calculated to send one off on a wild-goose chase to Japan, or, failing this, to revel in Japan as set forth at Daly's many times and oft.

And then imagine Miss Marie Tempest in a Japanese dress of softest grey, lined with vividly beautiful blue, and all embroidered with pink and blue and white flowers, with white butterflies hovering over them, and long-legged birds with scarlet and white plumage poised gravely here and there. Her hair, a beautiful red gold for this occasion, is dressed in quaintest fashion, and fastened with gold daggers and chains—small wonder, in fact, is it that O Mimosa San is the chief attraction of Wunhi's tea-house; while, also, there is Miss Juliette Nesville, the most piquantly bewitching little figure, in her quaint robes of palest blue, embroidered with gold and geranium-pink, while a cluster of geraniums nestles in her dark hair.

And then, eventually, this scene of fairy-like loveliness is broken into by the advent of some lady visitors, who are clothed in accordance with the very latest and most extreme modes of the moment, and the result is a piquantly striking contrast, as you may imagine.

Miss Maud Hobson looks imposingly handsome in a Directoire costume of biscuit-coloured alpaca, the long-basqued coat having perfectly tight, plain sleeves, relieved, however, with turned-back cuffs and a foamy frill of chiffon exactly matching the alpaca in colour. There is a wide-spreading cravat-bow of chiffon at the throat, also fastened with a turquoise buckle, the long ends escaping from beneath a waistband of gold galon and falling far down the skirt, while, to complete the costume, there is a little boat-shaped hat of white straw, simply trimmed with tulle and a cluster of feathers, and a high Directoire stick is carried.

Her companions are equally smart, Miss Blanche Massey, who takes the part of the amateur lady journalist with her inevitable note-book, being gowned with sweet simplicity in white alpaca, the bodice crossed by a frilled fichu of white tulle caught into a waistband of glittering silver sequins, while her white hat is bedecked with white tulle and white flowers and feathers. Another effective gown has a skirt of white alpaca, encircled by three bands of brown canvas, this latter material composing the bodice, over which an entirely frivolous cape of frilled white tulle is fastened by long-ended bows of brown-and-white striped ribbon. Miss Hetty Hamer wears a black alpaca dress, the zouave bodice edged with a little ball-fringe in gold, while the vest is covered with lace; and then Letty Lind has the stage to herself, to make her entry in the most fascinating yachting-dress—a Maison Jay creation, by the way—with a skirt of white serge, finished with a row of stitching and a bolero of sky-blue cloth, faced with white piqué, the striped blue shirt-front, with its pale-blue stock, being banded in at the waist by a white leather belt. Miss Letty's fair hair is crowned by a regular sailor's cap of blue silk, marked with the name of her friend's yacht, and her sunshade is provided with a Punch and Judy handle in view of the "business" which takes place later in the act—the same act where, at the end, the frivolous Letty disguises herself as a "Geisha" in a white satin robe exquisitely embroidered with pink-petalled flowers, tender-green leaves, and stately silver-plumaged birds, her dancing revealing a lining of pale blue and a transparent under-dress of white gauze. Altogether, with her dark wig caught up with many gold pins, little Letty Lind makes a most delightful Geisha-girl.

The second act brings us to the sunlit garden of the Marquis Imari, where chrysanthemums, pink and golden brown, purest white, tender yellow, and deepest terra-cotta, blaze out in all their many-coloured beauty; and here the guests assemble for the marriage festivities of the Marquis. Miss Maud Hobson's dress is wonderful and beautiful, the skirt of black satin, and the coat-bodice all shining golden tinsel, softened

by cloudy shoulder-frills of black tulle, powdered with steel, and tapering downwards as they outline the vest of white tulle, which, moreover, boasts of a cravat-bow and a voluminous neck-ruffle. The tight sleeves, of the gold tissue, are broken at the elbow by a puff of black satin, and then the shining golden fabric is continued in long angel-sleeves, showered with roses in many shades of red, and still more roses appear on the black chip hat, with its high cluster of coque feathers scattered over with steel sequins. Almost equally striking is Miss Hetty Hamer's gown of white satin, with puffings of black satin let in at the elbows of the tight sleeves, which are also provided with black satin cuffs and drooping frills of white chiffon edged with gold. There is a full double shoulder-cape of white satin lined with black, and long stole-ends of the black, finished with an appliqué of white satin, on which a design of peacock's feathers is carried out in black satin amid shining rays of gold. Here, again, a black hat is worn, trimmed in this case with a white osprey and black quills embroidered with gold.

Miss Massey's pink moiré skirt is wedded to a bodice of white chiffon, with touches of pink ribbon at the neck and waist and again on



MISS MAUD HOBSON IN "THE GEISHA."

the shoulders, while the sleeves, slightly frilled at the top, are tight from the elbow to the wrist. Crowning all is a hat of black velvet, with great white ostrich-plumes, tipped with pink, laid all along the wide brim, pink tulle and satin ribbon also being pressed into service for trimming. A white satin Princess dress is trimmed with straps and loops of gold braid and a cravat-bow of white tulle, and here, once more, the sleeves are uncompromisingly tight and plain, and only break out into fulness at the elbow; while by no means the least striking dress has a skirt of black-and-white striped silk, and a bodice of black velvet, cut short to the waist, and fastened at the left side with a series of true-lovers' knots carried out in old lace, the revers being of pink satin, and the accompanying pink straw hat being trimmed with yellow tinsel and black plumes.

But all this glory of modern fashions must not make us forget the lovely gown in which O Mimosa San finally appears, the black ground almost covered with an embroidery of green and red flowers wrought with gold and silver, while a lining of vivid red gives added effect; Miss Nesville, on the other hand, having chosen pale-mauve satin, embroidered in green, blue, and gold, and draped round the waist with deeper mauve velvet.

Truly, the "Geisha" and all her friends and acquaintances understand the art of dressing to perfection.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 12.

UNION STEAM.

It is a very comprehensive programme that has been submitted to the shareholders of the Union Steamship Company and passed by them. The directors sought and obtained, by altering the articles of association, to engage, besides ordinary shipping business, in the acquisition of land and building thereon, promotion of immigration and emigration, and establishment and development of colonies and settlements, the construction and maintenance, &c., of roads, railways, tramways, bridges, reservoirs, canals, docks, watercourses, wharves, gas and electric works, hotels and stores, to promote companies for the purpose of acquiring property and rights, to invest and advance money, and generally to do all things conducive to the advantage of the Company in any part of the world. This reads as if the Company were going to buy up the whole of South Africa, but, in reality, it does not mean very much. They will be content with such operations on land as will facilitate their operations on the sea by providing incentives for emigration to Cape Colony. After a period of adversity the Union Steamship Company has fallen on better times, and the dividend for 1895 is 4 per cent., the previous dividend having been 2½ per cent. for 1893, the years 1892 and 1894 having been drawn blank. And not only has the Company been able to pay a fair dividend, but appropriations have been made of £104,000 for depreciation, £20,000 to the reserve fund, and £47,000 to the insurance fund. The question of depreciation in this case, as in that of other steamship companies, is a burning one, and we are very glad to learn from Sir Frederick Evans's speech at the meeting on Friday that the matter is going to be taken in hand.

A SUCCESSFUL AUSTRALIAN VENTURE.

The Australian Mortgage, Land, and Finance Company has been wonderfully successful in good times, and its cautious and capable management has enabled it to escape with remarkably little damage from the cataclysm of 1893. Up to 1892 the dividend used to be a regular 20 per cent. But, of course, the earning power of a carefully managed company was restricted of recent years. The directors of the Australian Mortgage, Land, and Finance Company foresaw the inevitable result of the inflation of prices for real property in Australia, and took measures accordingly to protect their shareholders against these consequences. Accordingly, the caution exercised at the very time when speculation was rampant naturally diminished the profits, and for 1892 the rate was reduced to 17½ per cent. Since then it has been maintained at a regular level of 15 per cent., and, when trade and agriculture in Australasia recover to normal conditions, we have no doubt this Company will be able to revert to the old rate, or better. At present, as explained by the chairman of the meeting the other day—

We have so much money in hand that we really do not know what to do with it, or, at all events, to use it with any degree of safety. . . . Some people may say that to have such a large amount of liquid assets is no misfortune, but, as your business has always been carried on with the greatest safety, I think I have reason, at all events, to condole with you, and say we are extremely sorry we have not been able to find fields in which we could safely invest it for you.

"LITTLE CHATHAMS."

The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway has for so long been regarded as an Ishmael that it sounds like a joke to suggest that Chatham Ordinary will ever get a dividend. But, after all, it does not seem so inherently impossible. We are not referring to the immediate future, or even to a future which, to the speculator, would seem remote. But still, without any straining of figures, the people who talk about "Little Chathams" being within telescopic sight of a dividend are able to make out a plausible case. This is how they argue. There is about six and three-quarter million pounds of the First Preference. Sometimes it gets its full dividend; sometimes it gets a part of it; but, in spite of occasional retrogressions, due to bad weather or bad times, the tendency is progressive. As things are going now, the full dividend on the First Preference is a certainty for the year ending June 30 next, and, barring accidents, should be kept up. What prevents the Company from making progress at the rate to which its geographical position entitles it is the lack of money. If the Chatham could give an adequate service to its passengers, in comfortable, well-lighted carriages, and by trains whose times of departure and arrival corresponded more closely than they now do with the time-table, their suburban traffic would go up by leaps and bounds. The difficulty will be got over, sooner or later. It is not want of will, but want of means, that stands in the way. Some way will be found to get out of this difficulty, and then there will be very little standing between the Ordinary shareholders and the dividend.

In such an *ex parte* statement of the case there is much that tends to carry conviction. There are at present legal and financial difficulties in the way of raising the capital required to extricate the Company from its present position as an object-lesson as to what a railway ought not to be. To surmount these difficulties the directors are devoting their attention. If they can get the necessary funds, and use them with discretion, we do not hesitate to prophesy that the result in increased net earnings will far more than meet the relative interest charges *ab initio*. Under such circumstances it need not take many years to make the additional £50,000 of net profit per annum which would give the Second Preference holders their full rate of 4½ per cent. But the procedure in extricating

a company from such troubles as those which are worrying the Chatham directors is as tedious as the progress of one of the Company's trains.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

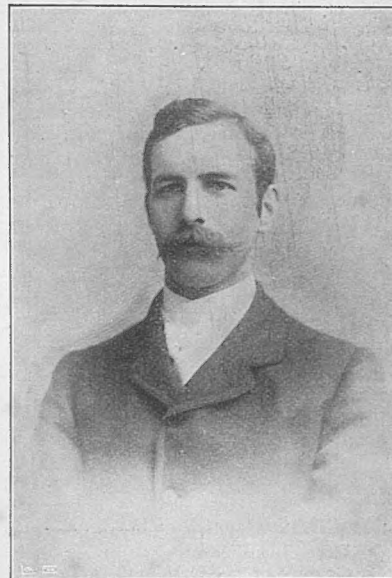
A copy of the second edition of that most useful little work of reference, Mr. Herbert S. Stoneham's "Westralian Market Manual" published by Mr. William Neely, of No. 1, George Street, E.C., has reached us, and, aided as it is by two most excellent maps, and crammed with information as an egg is with meat, we cannot conceive any investor in Western Australian gold-mines, who takes an intelligent interest in the concerns into which he puts his money, being without such a handy volume as soon as its existence is brought to his notice.

Compiled by Mr. Herbert S. Stoneham, the leading jobber in the Western Australian Market, and brother of Mr. Allen Stoneham, who directs, or helps to direct, such concerns as the West Australian Gold-fields, the Exploring and Finance Corporation, the West Australian Pioneers, and a host of other first-class concerns too numerous to mention, the information may be relied on, and, although given in a condensed form, is none the worse for that. We strongly urge all who desire to know what they are buying to expend four shillings on this little book and to keep it by them.

As investors are crying out for results, it may be of interest to give the following list of English-floated mines which are either crushing or about to crush—

Great Boulder.
Murchison New Chum.
Mainland Consols.
Golden Plum.
Golden Crown.
Menzies Reefs.
Mount Jackson.

White Feather Reward.
Hannan's Brown Hill.
Burbank's Birthday Gift.
Lady Shenton.
Florence.
Lake View South.
Forrest King.



MR. HERBERT S. STONEHAM.
Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

We do not profess the above to be a complete list, or anything like it, but, for the moment, it is the best we can do to assist those of our readers who are interested in the numerous ventures we have mentioned in these columns, and will enable them to know from which returns may be expected at an early date.

NEW ISSUES.

The Liverpool Palace of Varieties, Limited, has been formed, with a capital of £70,000, in £5 shares, to acquire and work the well-known Star Theatre of Varieties, which is situated in the centre of Liverpool, near the Central and Lime Street Stations, and which is said to be the only fully licensed variety theatre in Liverpool. There is no doubt that this kind of theatre has become very popular of late years, both in London and the provinces, and the examples given in the prospectus of the dividends earned by other similar ventures show how profitable such enterprises may become.

The Cavendish Waterproof Asbestos Sole Company, Limited, has been formed to acquire the business and patent rights for the United Kingdom of Mr. Harvey's invention of waterproofed asbestos for boots and shoes. Asbestos, it is said, has long been known for its remarkable properties as a preserver of heat and a protector from cold, possessing thereby the double advantage of keeping the feet cool in summer and warm in winter. Such being the case, it is obvious that the demand should be practically unlimited. We notice that the directors are to have the option of paying the vendors entirely in shares if they think fit to do so, and this seems to indicate the faith of the vendors not only in the qualities of their asbestos, but in its power to earn dividends. The capital is £100,000 in 70,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 30,000 deferred shares of similar denomination, which form part of the purchase-money, and which do not participate in dividends until 10 per cent. has been paid for two consecutive years on the ordinary shares.

FROM JOHANNESBURG.

In accordance with our promise of last week, we are able to present considerable information, together with the views of our expert correspondent, upon the two most important deep-level concerns on the Rand. The next letter will deal with the Buffelsdoorn Estates and the Van Ryn Companies.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Not till recently have the enormous potentialities of the vast corporation known as the Rand Mines, Limited, been anything like adequately understood by the European investing public. The man in the street knows little of the value of a "dip" claim on the central section of the Main Reef, and if you tell him that the chief asset of the Rand Mines, Limited, when it was formed, was

some seventeen hundred such claims, he is in no way enlightened as to the actual value of the company's shares, which went to £45 in last year's boom.

It is possible to convey some idea of the magnitude of the company's property by the statement that the outcrop of the twelve miles of reef of which the Rand Mines, Limited, holds the greater portion of the dip, is in the hands of no fewer than twenty-nine separate mining companies, located between the Glencairn on the east, and the Langlaagte United on the west. These twenty-nine companies hold, in the aggregate, something like a similar amount of mining ground to that belonging to the Rand Mines, Limited. Last year they crushed in the aggregate 2,588,605 tons of ore, yielding 1,627,296 oz. of gold, of the value of fully 5½ millions sterling, the average yield being 12.57 dwts. per ton, the gross sum paid in dividends £1,707,686, and the return to shareholders being at the rate of 13s. 2d. per ton crushed.



MR. F. ECKSTEIN.

Photo by H. Brandseph, Stuttgart.

Taking the average contents of a claim on this central portion of the reef at 30,000 tons of ore and the divisible profit per ton at 13s. 2d., we arrive at the result of £20,000 as the net return to shareholders from each claim. On this estimate, which is certainly a modest one, the net divisible profits from 1700 claims figure out at 34 millions sterling. The estimate is certainly within the mark, for it makes no allowance for improvements in the processes of recovery, and the gradual lowering of costs—two forces which have been constantly in operation from the early days of the Rand mining industry. The total average recovery being still only a little over 80 per cent., there is ample room for further improvement.

It is quite true that the Rand Mines has to extract its ore from greater depths than the outcrop companies—though some of these are already down 1000 feet—but any trifling increase of working costs on this score will be more than counter-balanced by the concentration and the magnitude of all operations. Already the Rand Mines, Limited, has formed eight subsidiaries, one of which, the Geldenhuis Deep, began to crush in October last. The others will start crushing gradually during the next three years. Blocks of claims have also been disposed of advantageously to various outcrop companies, including the Wolhuter, Paarl Central, Metropolitan, and Langlaagte Star.

It is the policy of the Board to retain the preponderating influence in the various subsidiary companies formed, and therefore the shares obtained in exchange for claims are not, as a rule, sold. Sales of shares are only made for the purpose of raising working capital to exploit and develop the company's properties, and in this way all the working capital of the company has been provided. Some idea of the enormous shareholding interests of the Rand Mines may be formed from the fact mentioned by Mr. F. Eckstein at the recent annual meeting of the company, that, taking the depressed values ruling on Dec. 31 last, the total shares held represented a profit of ten millions sterling. These are some of the assets of this marvellous corporation, and represent a portion of the return for some twelve hundred claims which have been dealt with up till now. The other assets include 525½ claims still intact of the original holding, and which will be dealt with gradually; 881 claims on the farm Mooifontein, not included in any of the above figures; fully half-a-million cash in hand, the past year's profit on the sale of claims and shares having been close upon a million sterling; freehold rights on 306 claims at Langlaagte; and two expensive reservoirs, of a gross capacity of 900 million gallons.

The inception of the Rand Mines, Limited, was primarily due to two far-seeing financiers, Mr. Alfred Beit, of Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co., London, and the late Mr. Hermann Eckstein, of Johannesburg. At a time when the value of deep-level claims on the Rand was not appreciated by mining men as a rule, these two gentlemen perceived the potentialities of property at considerable distances from the outcrop. They had the courage of their convictions, and bought up all the dip claims they could lay their hands upon on the rich section of the reef. The value of much of the ground being then considered problematical, the claims were purchased absurdly cheap, as claim-values are reckoned nowadays, and this is reflected in the low nominal capital of the Rand Mines, Limited, to which the claims were transferred—£332,708, less than £200 a claim. Mr. Lionel Phillips is chairman of the company, and Mr. F. Eckstein, one of the directors, has been a leading mining magnate in Johannesburg from the early days.

BARNATO CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED.

This company was formed by Mr. Barnato less than a year ago, and it has not yet done any practical work, although shaft-sinking is to be commenced at once on the first subsidiary property floated, the Chimes Mines, Limited. Two shafts will be sunk on the property, which is on the dip of the well-known New Chimes, and the reef will be struck at approximately some 2000 ft. The Chimes Mines takes over 508 claims from the parent company. The Rand Central Mines, Limited, has also been formed to work a block of claims on the central section of the Rand, and other subsidiary concerns will be formed from time to time, absorbing the parent company's entire holding, which amounts to 2500 claims, besides an interest in an estate at Delagoa Bay.



MR. S. B. JOEL.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

Perhaps the most valuable asset of the company is a 42 per cent. interest in the Rand Exploration Syndicate, which owns what is known as Sweitzer's township on the dip of the Ferreira, but this property is at present the subject of litigation in the Transvaal High Court. Mr. B. I. Barnato is chairman of the company, and Mr. S. B. Joel, who has been managing the extensive Barnato interests on the Rand for the past two years, is a leading director. Mr. Joel is equally popular in London and Johannesburg.

We continue to receive good accounts of the development work going on upon the Robinson Randfontein property, which, unless our information is quite wrong, points to a very bright future for the concern.

Saturday, April 25, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. R. W.—We should say not *bonâ fide* in the three cases you put to us.

R. C. L.—We wrote to you on the 23rd instant. Letters must reach us not later than the last post on the Friday preceding issue to ensure an answer in the next week's paper.

SWEETSTUFF.—Yes, the gross takes are very good, showing an increase of £9683 for twenty-nine weeks. If the company would only put aside a fair sum for depreciation of patents and writing down goodwill, we would recommend its shares, and they would soon see higher prices.

AMOS.—Thank you for your letter. Let us know how you got on in the settlement with Gregory and Co. We answered your inquiry as to English Rails on the 26th instant.

J. M.—We wrote you fully on the 22nd instant.

UNLUCKY.—See answer to "Yankees" last week; we can add nothing to it. As to New Cæsus, you must not expect a dividend until the extra sixty head of stamps have been at work a few months. It is said they will start in June, but, considering the present situation of things in the Transvaal, there may be further delay.

C. M.—No assessment can be levied on any railway stock; but, under a reconstruction scheme, if you do not pay, you lose your interest in the concern. This is equally so in Canadian and United States lines.

W. F. B.—We know no company called "Murchison Gold-Mines," although there are several companies with names nearly the same. Tell us the exact title, and we will advise. We should hold both Africans you name, if we had already bought; but you can form as good a judgment as we can about "Chartered," considering we have no special information, and a battle might put the shares up or down a pound each any day.

G. B. B.—A swindle of the worst kind.

PREFERENCE.—We think fairly well of the preference shares you name. About 5 per cent. would be the yield; we prefer Home and Colonial Stores 6 per cent. preference.

LONGFELLOW.—Thank you for your letter. We always do the best we can to give our correspondents reliable information.

J. R. S.—We have returned the letter you sent us to read. Perhaps you are right, but, knowing the touts pretty well, we should have played the game of brag, and would bet two to one that it came off. The shares were quoted on the tape the other day, and you might try to sell them on the Stock Exchange.

CYCLE.—You seem to have done quite right in not buying. See our "Notes" this week. When shares jump from 45s. to £6 in twenty-four hours, we really must not be held to advise purchase on the top of such a rise, unknown at the time of writing.

O. A. B.—We will, if you like, forward a letter to our Johannesburg correspondent, who will, no doubt, make inquiries and write you the result.

WESTERN.—See our "Notes" of this week. "The Manual" is just the book you want.

INVICTA.—We have in our possession a circular showing that this so-called bank is a money-lending pawnshop, which deals in bills of sale and suchlike securities. Do not be taken in by the Press notices you may see, for they are the result of lavish advertising. We advise you strongly not to deposit a single farthing with the concern. Buy Imperial Continental Gas, or some of the following Colonial city securities: (1) City of Wellington Waterworks; (2) City of Dunedin 6 per cent. 1925 bonds; (3) City of Auckland 6 per cent. 1930 bonds; (4) City of Quebec 6 per cent. 1908 bonds.

S. P. C.—No. 2 was Great Boulder Perseverance. You must not forget that it is in the golden belt at Hannan's, and has, of course, great chances of turning out well.

NOVICE.—We are not sweet on either of the mines you name. We will make inquiries and let you know next week.

THOMAS.—Of course, we meant Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company. The price is so different now that it is a pity you did not write at once. The shares were, at first, 2s. 6d., and then 10s., when we recommended them, and have since touched £6 10s.

H. W.—(1) We think it is a vile puff, which, on the face of it, bears evidences of fraud. The advertisement is inserted by some tout, who is paid a big commission to get rid of shares, or, more probably, has been given the call of a lot at about five shillings each. (2) We are not in a position to judge of the chances or *bona-fides* of the Blackpool Great Wheel Company, as it is not dealt in here. Write to some Manchester broker, or get your bankers to make inquiries of their Manchester correspondents. We will inquire, and, if we hear anything of value, insert a further answer next week.

A. J. (New Zealand).—We will make inquiries, and answer you next week. Why enclose a shilling's-worth of New Zealand stamps, which are absolutely useless here?

A. L.—We replied to you on the 26th instant.

A. B. C.—Pocket your large profit on half No. 1; the price is about 1½. Hold No. 2 for something like this, and then do the same. We see no reason to disturb No. 3.

PHYLIS.—(1) We cannot keep on writing about one mine every week. The concern is crushing at the Londonderry, and Professor Nicholas has gone to Perth to bring up the company's own battery. We do not expect any mine to keep up an average of over four ounces. The general results should come out at, say, two ounces. It does not follow that, because one property adjoins another, they are equally good, not even if the same reefs run through both. (2) We are not keen on any of the things you name for an early rise. (3) We always thought it was, as you say, "a sell."

L. L.—We have a vague recollection of the prospectus of this concern, but have a very poor opinion of it.

ANXIOUS.—We have a poor opinion of this, but we know no reason which will legally prevent your being obliged to pay up when called on by the company so to do. We have sent your letter to a gentleman connected with the concern and asked him to try and find you a buyer.

A. G. W.—See answer to "R. C. L." We will make inquiries and answer you next week; but, meanwhile, don't take the bond.